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Vol. CLXXXIX No. 2465 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 3 1947

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THE LAST MEETING IN MOSCOW—SIR WILLIAM STRANG, MR. BEVIN AND LORD HOOD AT THE ROUND TABLE AT AVIATION HOUSE ON THE FINAL DAY OF THE ABORTIVE CONFERENCE: This fifth and longest meeting of the Council of Foreign Ministers failed to reach agreement on any of the main questions concerning Austria and Germany. The sixth Conference will be held in London next November

Although General Marshall and Mr. Bevin both returned from the Moscow Council of Foreign Ministers with tactful, philosophical and in part optimistic observations for their respective countrymen, the world could not be oblivious of the fact that no single important point upon the agenda of the Conference had been agreed upon and that the future of Germany and Austria must now hang in the balance until the sixth Conference, which is to be called in London in November. By then Germany will be entering upon her third post-war winter, but the Conference, agreeing in its disagreement, has allowed that there shall for the time being be no common policy among the four occupying Powers. Austria is in like plight. Meanwhile, until the four Powers have decided upon these current issues on Germany, hopes of a permanent peace treaty have again receded into the background. Before leaving Moscow Mr. Bevin declared at a Press gathering that there "is now at least a general conception on the level of German industry and that the British Government will be guided by these in their economic policy in the British Zone"

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Moscow Depressions.—The *Retreat from Moscow* ended as I supposed it would. Moscow was the fifth try to reach Four-Power Agreement on the vital foundations of peace, reconstruction and the end of wars and rumours and the fears of wars; and it has ended in utter failure—by far the worst try of all. The next effort will be deferred to November. The earlier conferences dealt with less contentious matters and achieved *some* agreements. Moscow was first and last an affair of money—the most vital (and futile) bone of contention in the mad international dog-fight to-day. Russia must have her reparations, of which Germany, if bled white, could not pay a tithe; Britain can't agree to anything which prolongs or increases our subsidising of Germany. America could, no doubt, pay more, but is no longer prepared to pay and look pleasant at every surrender to Stalin. It is, indeed, abundantly clear that Russia is in no hurry. She is quite certain that in a year or two an economic collapse will weaken the resistance of the Western Powers and that all she needs will fall into her lap without recourse to force or even persuasion. Mr. Marshall goes home, furious, disgusted and hardened in heart against Russia. Mr. Bevin, neither young nor in the best of health, returns without even the small bunch of sour grapes which he thought the promised land might possibly yield, And M. Bidault, whose role was at Moscow no longer the harmonising and diplomatic but the suppliant-for-favours role, must make do with what crumbs fell from the western end of the table. Seven months' more wrangling and chaos and doubt and hatred in a Europe in a state of war, with no effective organisation to promote peace, no agreed boundaries between rival nations, no atmosphere or conditions precedent to the creation of economic reconstruction . . . it is a depressing picture.

Addendum.—The above inferences, or many of them, were justified by all the latest reports by observers and newsmen attached to the Moscow Conference. Failure was the keynote. But when Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marshall faced the reporters at their farewell conferences, neither of them admitted failure; each in his way was optimistic of progress made. This optimism must have surprised many of the pen-men and suggests this dilemma: Either the observers were allowed to see only the 'ooves of the 'osses even in public sessions, or else things went on in secret session which put a very different complexion on Russian intransigence and the hopes of agreement.

Unity at Home?—Nothing suggests that that "long, strong pull together" on which the Socialist Government has sometimes declared the success of its experiments depends is more likely to eventuate than it seemed a few months ago. On the contrary, at the top level, buttons are stripped from the foils and Mr. Attlee trounces Mr. Churchill as bitterly as in the delirium of election fever, and *vice versa*. Mr. Morrison has returned in better health, and will doubtless throw his cap into the ring. And there are new fighting men in the ring. The Liberals are definitely massing for a renewed assault on the electorate, and are not afraid of challenging the T.U.s and are quite determined to stand for liberty on their own now less wobbly legs. In a few months' time the voters will have two brand-new and reasonably cut-and-dried programmes to weigh in the balances with the Socialists' grand-scale revolution (which has already gone in many directions far beyond hope of recall by retrogressive legislation if and when another party comes to power). It may be deplorable that during our economic Dunkirk there should be snarling and dog-fighting at the top among the leaders to encourage unity and co-operation in factory, workshop and humble streets. But what else is to be expected? *Tu l'as voulu.* The present Government chose their weapons and never cease to use them shrewdly, even in matters of the broadest national concern. It is reasonable to suppose that those glib appeals for unity which the Premier sometimes makes are uttered tongue-in-cheek. He dangles his olive-branches on the tip of a sharp sword, and neither he nor his colleagues can fairly feel aggrieved if their critics also rub the rust off their foils.

Freedom of Speech.—All parties affect to regard freedom of speech as a "priceless national asset." Even Ministers, now established with absolute power by an overwhelming Commons majority, will sometimes divagate to give it lip service. The B.B.C. affects to be an instrument of it, and puts up boys and men to air their political views. In these discourses, the most common whip employed to trounce the critics of any Socialist speaker's views is the "unpatriotic" charge. All who oppose the Socialist experiment and regime, for example, are charged with treachery, expressed in the dangerous form of decrying their native land, of *crying stinking fish.* Now, if a man honestly believes that his ship of state is being mishandled on a lee shore, it is very difficult, if not impossible, for him to launch his warning without suggesting that the ship is in a sorry pass, in dangerous waters reef-infested, and doomed, unless wiser methods be adopted on the bridge, to break up on the rocks. Can you think of any way in which warning can carry weight, unless the ship's present and urgent danger is stressed as a preface? But to stress those dangers is apparently treachery or crying stinking fish. In other words, "all tastes are good"—except those which differ from my own. Or, freedom of speech is admirable if used by me, but monstrous treachery in the mouth of my critic. And so, I put in a humble plea, addressed especially to the "under thirty" political economists put up by the B.B.C. (who are naturally very much more certain of themselves and more likely to be infallible than older men), not to use this "treachery" whip quite so freely.

Fuel-Saving.—The summer plan is admittedly an expedient. Equal justice is not in it. The meter squanderers of the past can chuckle at the thrifty. The countryman, this time, benefits at the expense of the all-meter townsman. For a wood fire in an open grate can do in summer chill or damp what it cannot do in freeze-ups. It can keep a room warm enough to sit in. It is not likely that the country house-owner will *waste* his summer supply of solid fuel! He is like to live this summer from hand to mouth merely to boil enough water for occasional baths and washing up. The local coal merchant's only hope of being faithful to the poor in winter is to be allowed in summer some chance of "stocking up" his larger houses, so that he may be free in winter for his fortnightly deliveries to those who can only pay for a couple of hundredweight at a time. But this year he won't have that chance. The very term "larger house"—without reference to the number of persons it contains—is anathema to the authorities. We shall come to the next winter (all of us, wherever we live) with no reserve, no local stock, for emergency freeze-ups, dependent on the state of the by-roads for the bare means of keeping frost out of the house. All but a few of us, of course; those shrewd men "in the know," who have a "friend at court." And, at the end of it all, what is the saving?

Homeward Bound.—The *Vanguard* is homeward bound, and the season is more favourable for a calm passage in the Bay of Biscay. The Royal party has enjoyed a wonderful and heartening experience, but it must not be forgotten that it was arduous in the extreme. There is always a reaction after a great undertaking, which, if successful beyond expectation, affords a stimulus in action which carries the actors along above their normal form. The Royal family will be launched almost immediately on their return into the round of State business and ceremonial duties. The King will wish to learn at first hand the fullest details of the frightful winter of tragedy and suffering of which the aftermath is still very much in evidence, and he must be more busy than ever in the first weeks of resuming the full and personal control of his high office. The Queen must fairly be able to look back on the South African tour as a personal triumph, of her charm and sympathy, of her right judgment and of her extraordinary appreciation of every variety of circumstances and conditions. And Princess Elizabeth returns from a personal triumph not less significant and remarkable, graduated from the finishing school of education for sovereignty, and self-dedicated in a very touching and almost unique broadcast declaration to a lifelong service for the peoples of this Empire. There was indeed an echo of the great Tudor Queen Elizabeth in that broadcast dedication, and doubtless those who helped her in its wording were not unconscious of that source of inspiration. England is all set to welcome home King, Queen and Princesses when the *Vanguard* reaches these shores again on May 11.

MR. HAROLD STASSEN ARRIVES IN LONDON—THE FORMER GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA AND A POSSIBLE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. PRESIDENCY HAS VISITED EIGHTEEN COUNTRIES IN HIS EUROPEAN TOUR: On arrival in London Mr. Stassen had an interview with Mr. Douglas, the American Ambassador, and afterwards held a Press conference in the course of which he commented optimistically on the world's food prospects for the immediate future. During his stay in London Mr. Stassen attended sittings of the House of Lords and the House of Commons. His tour will naturally help him to speak with great authority in his own country on problems of world import, but Mr. Stassen will have to make progress in his own party if he is to win the Republican nomination in 1948

St. George's Day.—I know nothing in the year's round so heartening and so sentimentally beautiful as to travel by road or rail on St. George's Day across England's green and pleasant land and to see from every village church tower the flag of St. George floating out across a pale spring sky of blue. And as you travel nearer to Shakespeare's country, you appreciate how right he was to call this season the sweet of the year. St. George's Day may (or may not) be the anniversary of his birth and death. It is agreeable to call it so. Unfortunately, this year, our usual weather fatality made St. George's Day one of the vilest in a vile series, another evil "record." It spoiled the Stratford celebrations; it tore many a brave church flag to ribbons, and caused many a death and many a wreck. The B.B.C., less affected by the accident of weather, made a notable contribution to a charming national festival in Mr. Trouncer's admirable reading of an admirable rendering of Chaucer's *Prologue.* I have seldom enjoyed a feature more thoroughly or been more impressed by its educational value and the vast opportunities which radio commands and so seldom employs. Why (oh, why?) must they drag in Socialist propaganda on a day so obviously dedicated to national unity and national pride? Why that boosting of *nationalisation* in the "Tour of England" feature? The Ministers are incorrigible. They cannot resist on any occasion. But, really, there is even less excuse for the B.B.C., which is not subsidised as a *Left* propaganda machine.

THE OLD STAGER

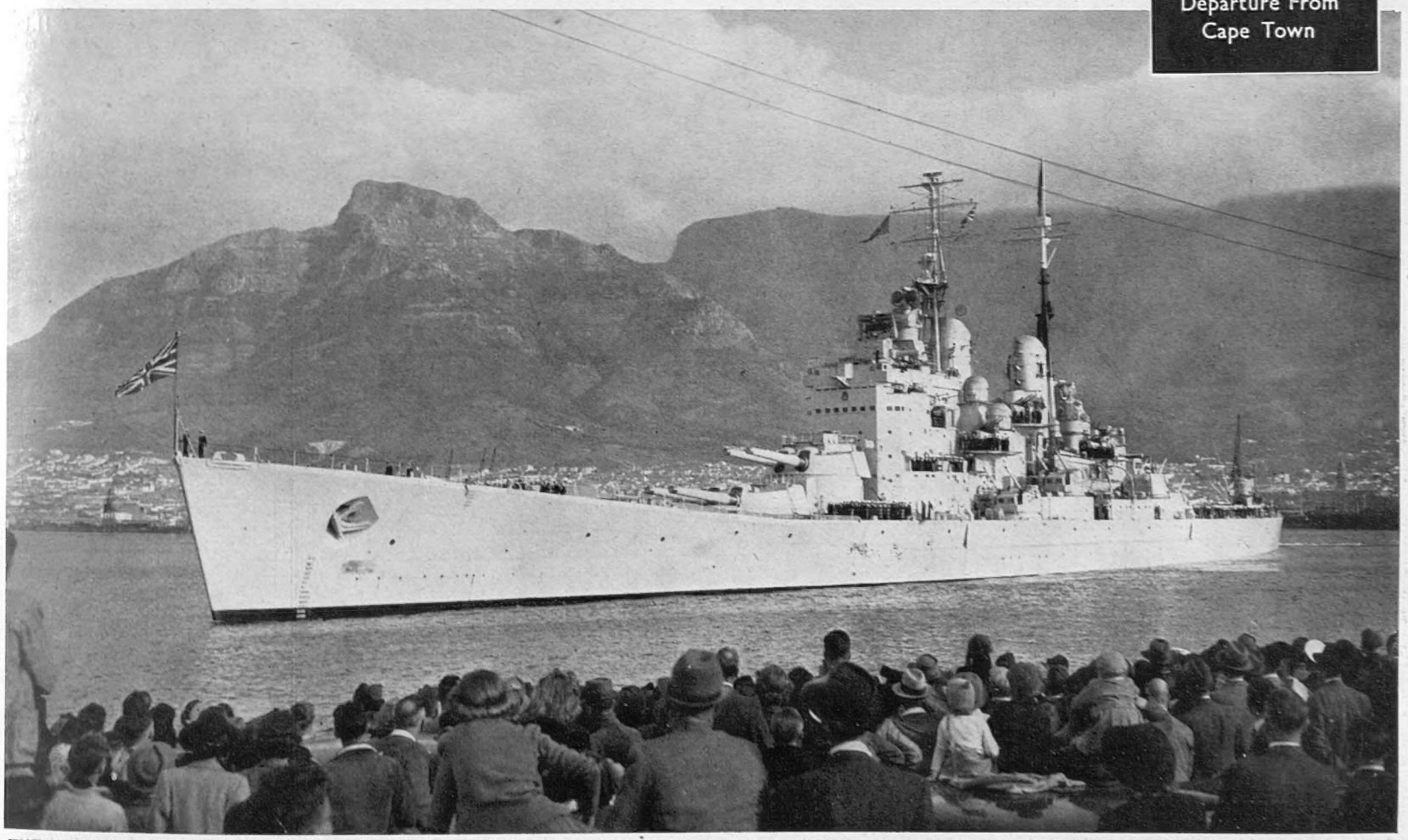
PRINCESSES AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE BALL IN CAPE TOWN: Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret seen on the thronged dance floor on the evening of April 21, Princess Elizabeth's twenty-first birthday. They attended two balls on the same evening after a day of almost continuous engagements, in the course of which Princess Elizabeth addressed a youth rally and delivered her broadcast to the Commonwealth

A GIFT FROM THE PEOPLE OF CAPE TOWN: Princess Elizabeth being presented with a golden key by Mr. A. Bloomberg, M.P., the Mayor of Cape Town. The presentation took place during the course of the civic ball which the Princess attended before she went on to the Governor-General's ball

PRINCESS ELIZABETH COMES OF AGE

And the Royal Departure From Cape Town

The last days of the Royal Tour of South Africa—a tour that has been a triumphant success despite the initial warnings that the Nationalists would take advantage of the situation—were made additionally memorable by the coming of age of Princess Elizabeth. April 21 was, in consequence, a national holiday in South Africa, and in Cape Town gifts poured in upon the Princess from throughout the Union and from Rhodesia. The Princess's broadcast to the Commonwealth was a moving dedication to the Empire's service



THE END OF THE ROYAL TOUR OF SOUTH AFRICA—WATCHED BY A VAST CONCOURSE FROM THE DUNCAN DOCK, CAPE TOWN, H.M.S. "VANGUARD" STEAMS OUT INTO TABLE BAY: The Royal Family received a tremendous send-off from the people of Cape Town, and at a State luncheon before the departure, General Smuts, the Union Premier, referred to the wave of personal and national emotion that the Royal visit had stirred among the people of South Africa. Before embarking, the King and Queen and the Princesses drove in state down Adderley Street, and as the "Vanguard" set sail a band played her out of the harbour. On April 26 the King and Queen celebrated aboard the "Vanguard" the twenty-fourth anniversary of their wedding

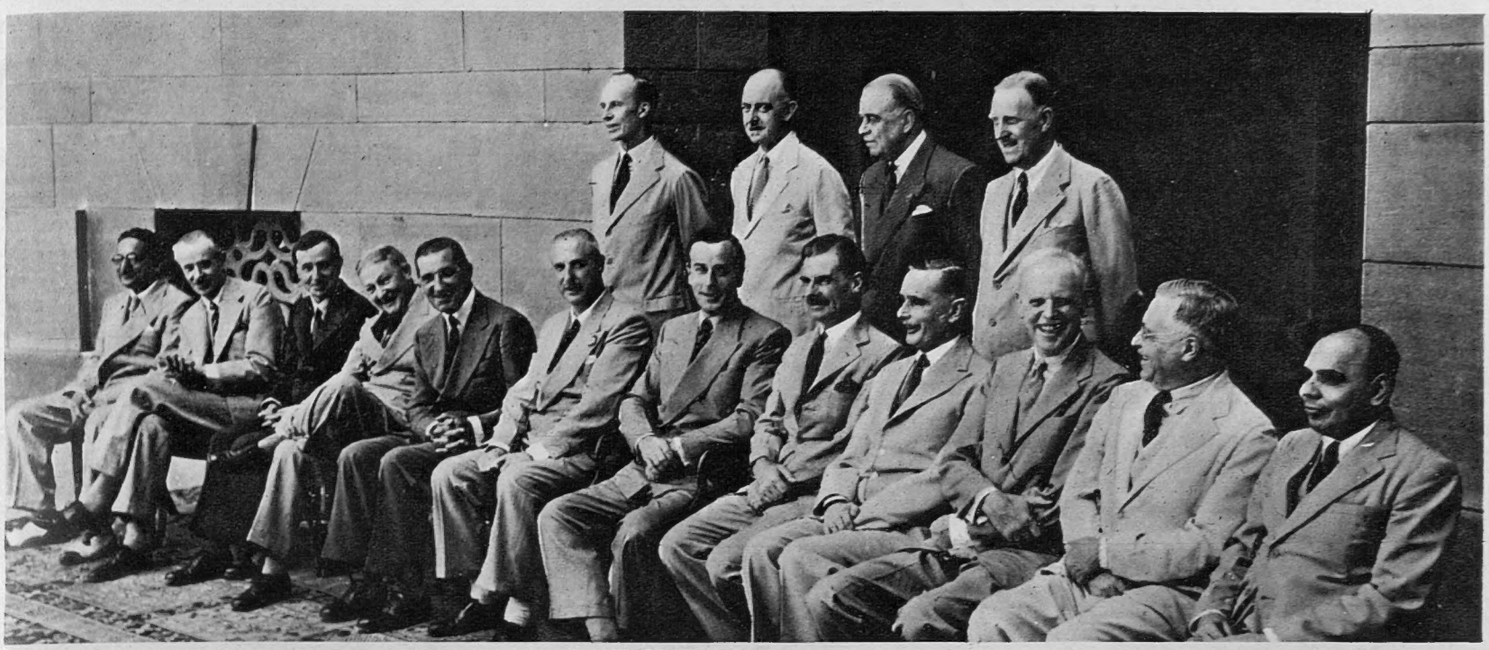
AFTERMATH AT SARONA : A rescue squad amid the wreckage of the police station at Sarona, near Tel Aviv, which was blown up when terrorists drove a Post Office van inside the barriers. The van, loaded with explosives, blew up, destroying the orderly room and telephone exchange. A British inspector and three constables were killed

The Continuing Wave of Palestinian Terrorism—(See also Page 138)

THE SARONA AND REHOVOTH OUTRAGES

Ever since the execution of Dov Gruner, Palestine has been in the grip of a new wave of terrorism, and on this page and page 138 of this issue details are given of some of the latest outrages. In all of them there is evidence of careful and sometimes very skilful organisation, and often the pattern is the same, as witness the attack on the Sarona police station near Tel Aviv, which compares in many of its details with the attack on the Haifa Constabulary some months ago. At Sarona the terrorists drove a Post Office van within the precincts of the police station and parked it against the building. The police state that the Post Office van came to the entrance at 10.15 a.m. Two men were in it whose passes were inspected. A sergeant searched the van and found it to contain a ladder and coils of wire. Meanwhile the two men went to repair the telephone wires outside. They left, and were not seen again. The explosion occurred at 11.15. The Cairo-Haifa train outrage also was skilfully planned, and was another example of hit-and-run tactics.

Below—**THE WRECKAGE OF THE CAIRO-HAIFA EXPRESS AT REHOVOTH : Derailed coaches of the train which was mined by terrorists who, approaching under cover of the orange groves, mined the track and then opened fire on their victims with small arms. Three civilians and five British soldiers were killed in this outrage**



THE VICEROY OF INDIA WITH THE GOVERNORS OF INDIA'S PROVINCES—VISCOUNT MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA WITH THE FIFTEEN LEADERS HE SUMMONED TO VICEREGAL LODGE, NEW DELHI: Lord Mountbatten gave the governors a detailed account of the British Government's policy towards India to-day, and explained how the Government's intentions will be fulfilled during the coming months. He received from them a full picture of the conditions prevailing in their provinces, and of the difficulties that they must face in applying the present policy. There was a frank discussion on the problems involved in the imminent transfer of power from British authority to native ministries. *Front row, left to right*—Sir Akbar Hydari (Assam); Sir Olaf Caroe (N.W.F. Province); Sir Andrew Clow (Assam); Sir Hugh Dow (Bihar); Sir Francis Wylie (United Provinces); Sir John Colville (Bombay); Viscount Mountbatten; Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye (Madras); Sir Evan Jenkins (Punjab); Sir Frederick Bourne (Central Provinces and Behar); Sir Francis Mudie (Sind); and Sir Chendulal Trivedi (Orissa). *Back row, left to right*—Mr. G. E. B. Abell, the Viceroy's Private Secretary; Sir Eric Mieville, the Viceroy's Principal Secretary; Lord Ismay, the Viceroy's Chief of Staff; and Mr. John Dawson Tyson (representing the Governor of Bengal)

LADY MOUNTBATTEN MEETS MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU: The Vicereine in conversation with the distinguished Indian poetess and political leader at Viceregal Lodge, New Delhi. It is believed that they discussed social and welfare problems. Mrs. Naidu, who was born in 1879, at Hyderabad, Deccan, has devoted her life to social reform

INDIA'S GOVERNORS AND THEIR WIVES

Meet the Viceroy and Vicereine in New Delhi

FAREWELL TO THE INDIA OFFICE: Lord Pethick Lawrence, seventy-six-year-old Secretary of State for India, saying good-bye to his successor, forty-year-old Lord Listowel. Lord Pethick Lawrence has been Secretary of State since the Labour Government took office, and last year he led the Cabinet mission to India. The new Secretary of State was Labour Whip in the House of Lords from 1940 to 1944

IN THE COURTYARD OF VICEREGAL LODGE—THE VICEROY AND VICEREINE WITH THE GOVERNORS OF THE PROVINCES AND THEIR WIVES: While Lord Mountbatten conferred with the Governors, learning their views on the current situation, Lady Mountbatten discussed social and medical problems with the Governors' wives. As a former Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, the Vicereine was able to bring to the discussions a wealth of practical experience. *Front row, left to right*—The Hon. Pamela Mountbatten; Lady Caroe; Lady Clow; Lady Dow; Lady Colville; Viscount Mountbatten; Viscountess Mountbatten; Lady Nye; Lady Bourne; Lady Hydari; Miss M. M. Myoi, daughter of the Governor of Sind; and Miss MacQueen, niece of Governor of Sind. *Middle row, left to right*—Sir Andrew Clow (Assam); Sir Hugh Dow (Bihar); Sir Francis Wylie (United Provinces); Sir John Colville (Bombay); Lieut.-General Sir Archibald Nye (Madras); Sir Evan Jenkins (Punjab); Sir Frederick Bourne (Central Provinces); Sir Francis Mudie (Sind); Sir Chandulal Trivedi (Orissa); and Sir Akbar Hydari (Assam). *Back row, left to right*—Miss M. Watson, Staff Officer to Lady Mountbatten; Mr. W. H. J. Christie, Viceroy's Joint Private Secretary; Mr. G. E. B. Abell, Viceroy's Private Secretary; Lord Ismay, Chief of Staff; Sir Eric Mieville, Viceroy's Principal Secretary; Mr. J. D. Tyson (Bengal); Captain R. V. Brockman, Viceroy's Personal Secretary; and Miss E. Ward, Lady Mountbatten's Private Secretary

THE FLAGSHIP OF BYRD'S ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION RETURNS TO THE UNITED STATES : The "Mount Olympus" being edged into the dock at Washington, D.C., as a U.S. Navy guard prepared to welcome Admiral Byrd and Admiral Cruzen

THE GREAT ICEBERG WHICH MENACED THE SAFETY OF THE CENTRAL GROUP OF THE ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION : This aerial view of the Bay of Whales was taken on the morning of January 24, 1947, six days after the ships of Admiral Byrd's Central Group had entered the Bay and moored against the Ross Ice Barrier in order to unload supplies for the re-establishment of the Little America base (see arrow). On sighting the gigantic iceberg, the captain of *Mount Olympus*, headquarter ship of the expedition, realised its potential menace and ordered the supply ships *Yancey* and *Merrick* to get under way and precede him to a safe anchorage. The berg finally drifted against the west side of the Barrier, and the ships were able to return to their moorings later the same day. Three days later a strong north-east wind once again set the berg in motion and the three ships again shifted their position

ADMIRAL BYRD'S ANTARCTIC DISCOVERIES

The Latest Pictures from the Successful 1947 Expedition

Admiral Byrd and the Task Force Commander, Admiral Cruzen, have returned to the United States at the head of the vast expedition of thirteen ships and 4,000 men which has in the past three months carried out such spectacularly successful operations on the Antarctic Continent.

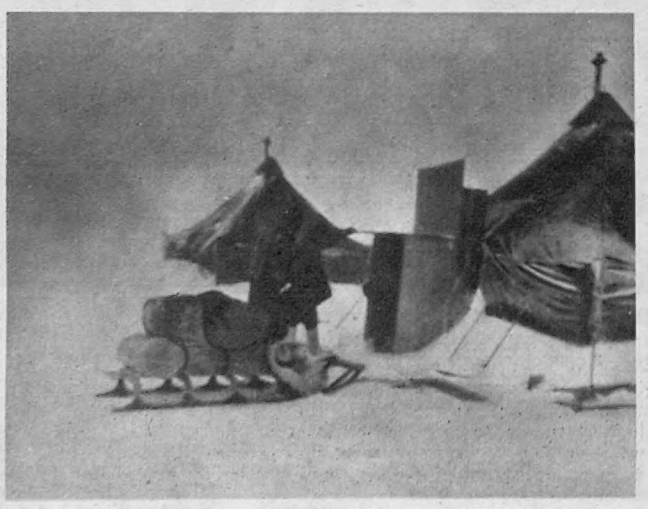
From time to time THE SPHERE has dealt with the expedition's geographical discoveries in a series of sketches and diagrammatic drawings, and now comes the photographic evidence of what has been achieved by the reconnaissance flights made by the Central Group from the Little America base and also by the Western Task Force. These survey flights have yielded a mass of pictorial evidence regarding the unknown regions of the Antarctic, and they will make necessary large-scale modifications and additions to all Antarctic maps.

One flight, in particular, across the Great Ice Shelf for 700 miles in a south-east direction discovered mountains 10,000 and 15,000 ft. high, and the plane, indeed, had difficulty in gaining sufficient altitude to scale this barrier. One of these peaks, probably never before beheld by man, is seen in a picture reproduced on the next page. It tends to confirm the belief put forward in one of Sir Douglas Mawson's volumes that a continuous mountain chain runs across the Antarctic Continent from Cape Adare to Graham Land.

Of possibly even greater interest, in that it opens up the intriguing possibility of normal life being sustained upon the Antarctic Continent, is the discovery of 65 miles of ice-free coast in Ingrid Christensen Land, and two completely ice-free oases dotted with muddy, pea-green lakes possessing warmer water than is found anywhere else on the Antarctic Continent. A picture of one of these oases appears on the next page.

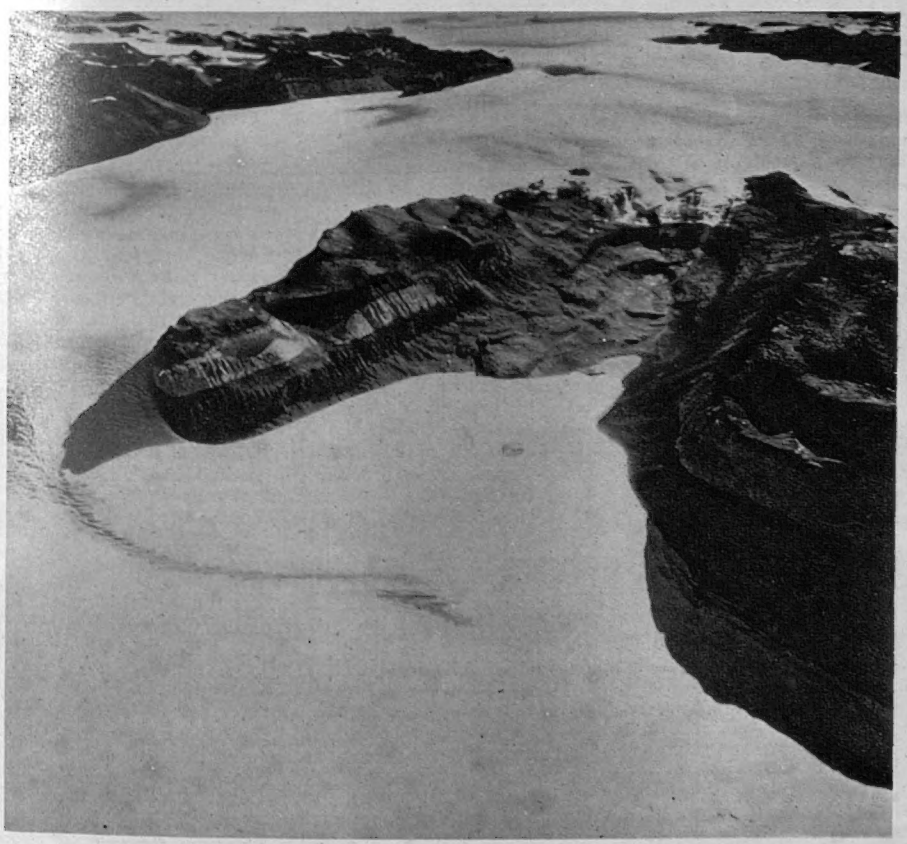
An accurate evaluation of all the accomplishments of the expedition is impossible at this juncture, but the more spectacular discoveries noted above were reinforced by an immensity of painstaking aerial reconnaissance, sixty successful exploratory flights having been made by the three main groups of the expedition. Admiral Byrd himself operated with the Central Group from the Little America base on the Ross Barrier, near the Bay of Whales. There the advance party laid out the airstrip at the end of January, and Byrd and 190 men, with six transport planes, remained in camp for over a month. While Admiral Byrd and his scientists were carrying out their geographic surveys, Admiral Cruzen, the Task Force Commander, made a series of tests with a view to finding out how men and equipment stood up to Antarctic conditions. In one instance men in special oxygen-equipped swimming-suits dived into the icy waters of the Bay of Whales and emerged after twenty minutes none the worse for their experience. In the early part of February the men living at the base camp endured their first Antarctic blizzard, and many valuable lessons were learnt.

RADAR GUIDED THE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE PLANES BACK TO THE AIRSTRIP AT THE LITTLE AMERICA BASE NEAR THE BAY OF WHALES : This was the Ground Pulse Navigation Unit, which kept a check on all machines flying within 30-miles radius of the base. In the foreground is a snow-wall built to protect the radar crew from the bitter winds sweeping across the Barrier. In the background are two of the expedition's supply ships moored in the Bay of Whales

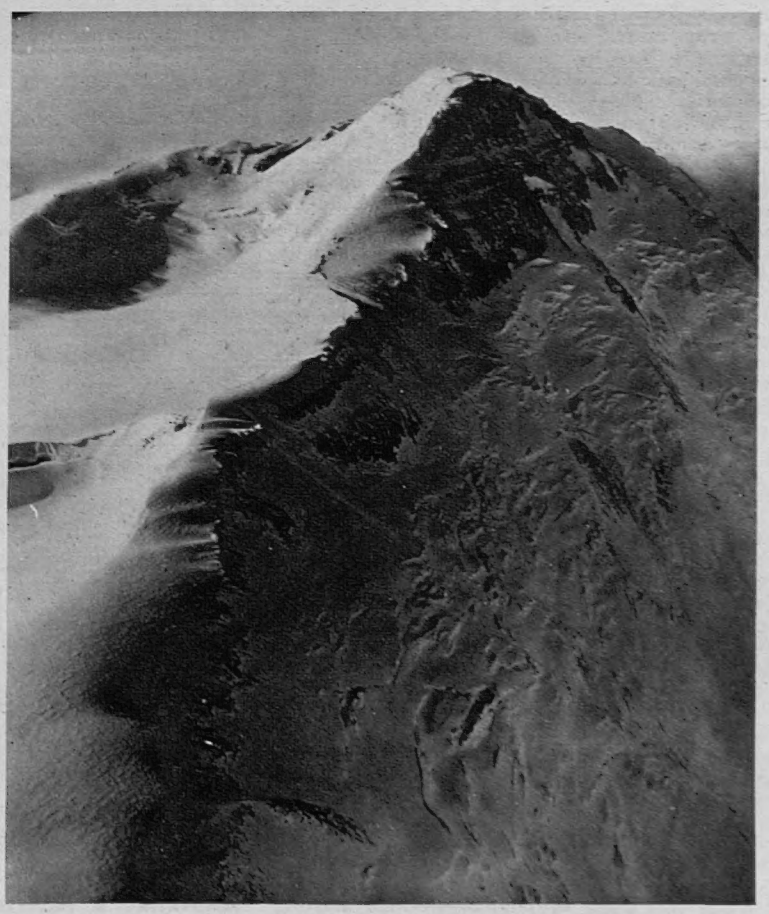


On left—**CAUGHT IN A BLIZZARD AT THE LITTLE AMERICA BASE : When this picture was taken three of Admiral Byrd's men were attempting to move their equipment from one tent to another. They covered 200 yards in three hours**

A DRAMATIC DISCOVERY BY THE WESTERN TASK GROUP OF THE BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION—AN ICE-FREE OASIS NEAR THE INGRID CHRISTENSEN COAST, A REGION OF PEA-GREEN LAKES WHERE THE WATER IS MARKEDLY WARMER THAN ELSEWHERE IN THE ANTARCTIC: A first oasis of this character was discovered in Knox Land on February 11, and on March 1 this photograph was obtained by a reconnaissance plane operating in the region of the Vestfold Mountains and the Ingrid Christensen coast, 65 miles of which is also reported to be ice-free. Captain Bond, who flew over one of the oases, reported the pea-green, muddy aspect of the water and stated that he saw no evidence of volcanic activity in the region. A seaplane descended on one of the lakes to take samples



CAPTAIN SCOTT PASSED THIS WAY IN 1903: An aerial view of the upper portion of the Taylor Glacier taken on February 20, 1947, from a reconnaissance plane of the Byrd Expedition piloted by Lieut. Robert McCarthy. The buff band in the cliffs is probably beacon sandstone and the markings on the rock and the colourings correspond with a report made by Captain Scott of his first ascent of the inland plateau. Scott described the rock-colouring as comparable to autumn foliage in its brilliance. The great ice-shelf stretches away in the background, and it was over those dreary wastes, now traversed by reconnaissance planes, that Scott and his little band struggled by sledge to the South Pole on their last expedition



NEVER BEFORE SEEN BY MAN? This unnamed mountain, over 10,000 ft. in height, was photographed from a plane commanded by Commander William Hawkes when flying near Mount Markham, in Victoria Land. It is higher than any of the peaks charted by British explorers in the same region, and its summit has probably never been seen before, as it would be hidden from ground parties by intervening peaks

ONLY JUDAS WAS NO NAZI

Of All the Passion Play Actors of Oberammergau He Will Not Face the De-Nazification Court

By FERDINAND TUOHY

OBERAMMERGAU, scene for many decades past of the world-famed Passion Play, is the Intelligence School of the American Army of Occupation. There can be little secret about that, inasmuch as a School newspaper lies about the clubs and messes of the Zone proclaiming the fact. One of about forty special newspapers issued by U.S. units for their own gratification and morale, in a country which, we are constantly told, cries out for newsprint with a view to getting on with the "re-education" of the Germans.

Oberammergau is still its beautiful self, a show ride of some seventy miles from ruined Munich, buried away in the foothills of the high Bavarian Alps; and never looking more beautiful than in the first days of a glorious springtime coming on the heels of harshest winter. The countryside is lush and green, the trees in pink, white and mauve flower. And the wooden chalets, inns and shops comprising the large-sized village are fresh and polished, coloured and gay, after the manner special to Bavaria.

Oberammergau got through the war scot-free, so far as I know, and is one of those corners of Germany upon which one is constantly coming and of which one says: "This place never knew there was a war on." That is not, of course, strictly true of anywhere. The smallest, most off-the-map, untouched hamlet has its piece of sorrow. Yet the contrast between these untouched rural communities and the troglodyte built-up areas is altogether compelling and has not yet begun to attract the notice it is bound to do.

The former visitor to a Passion Play, then, would find no difficulty in evoking Oberammergau in that full summer activity which should befall every four years: the winding, hilly main street, alive with coach and motor tourists from many lands, most of them anxious to do deals with the exchange in the exceptional number of banks and money agencies of this dedicated spot; brown and vigorous German youths and maidens sending off postcards with both hands; a gentler form of American music emanating from the cafés and hotel lounges; and American voices comparing notes across the jostling, joyous highway, concerning whom they're billeted with, and what they're paying.

"I'm with Judas—two bucks a day!"

For it is one of the drawing cards of this spectacle which supports a whole community from the box office, wood-carving, souvenirs, and catering, that visitors are guaranteed a two-day sojourn in the chalet-hotels or private houses of members of the cast. Those who pay the most have the principal actors and actresses as hosts. Capacity booking used to be 900 and the Play was given in two sessions, morning and afternoon, three times a week. The seating was deliberately hard, so one brought one's own cushioning, and if it rained on the half-open-air theatre, that was more of the austerity.

Oberammergau asks only to recommence its earning of a living. The more so, in that it has had tough luck in the past forty years. There have been only four Plays since 1910, when there should have been nine. The Kaiser's war put a term to the 1914 production and his war was still going on in the summer of 1918. Then there followed a clear run of four years: 1922-26-30-34.

Hitler attended the 1934 Play, when on the eve of lashing out at the Catholic Church, and that is the last to date. By 1938 the Führer was much too involved with Austria, the Sudeten, and Neville Chamberlain, to tolerate a diversion of German effort to Oberammergau. In 1942 it was war again, and in 1946 still the first difficult year of foreign occupation.

What now intensely worries Oberammergau is whether there will be a Play even in 1950, the next scheduled year. For, believe it or not, the entire cast of this dramatisation of the crucifixion of Christ is due for de-Nazification—and of a serious kind. It may take the rest of the year and part of 1948 to get through their cases, and unless things turn out better than anticipated, there might be insufficient time to train newcomers to the cast. To say nothing of current post-war difficulties of production and the slur which could become attached to the whole enterprise.

I relate this affair with no intention of hurting anybody's religious susceptibilities but as, perhaps, the strangest Nazi story I've come across. Of the twelve hundred men, women and children who comprise the population of this dedicated Bavarian village, three hundred have to answer charges alleging that they were open supporters of Adolf Hitler. Nor do figures give the true picture. The three hundred constitute the main people, the "pivotal" people of Oberammergau, whereas the bulk of the remainder are children, the old, and farm-workers.

One might have thought that this sub-mountain village would have cut itself off from politics and supported itself on its own produce, as many another village in Europe did. No such thing happened. The Hitler rot, or whatever you care to call it, began as far back as 1937, and one is led to the conclusion that these Passion Players were at least drawn to the Führer as much by faith in his mission as by Nazi Party goading. This is not to prejudge the case, but is merely going by the lame explanations given by the principals.

Chief of these is Alois Lang, the sixty-year-old woodcarver who enacted the part of Christ in the last three productions. I'm not so sure it isn't four; anyway, Lang was a shock trooper for most of the 1914-18 war, prior to starting his rôle on the cross on which he would hang for a long time. This stocky, bearded Bavarian needed all his strength, even in his younger years. At the age of forty-nine Lang joined the Party and became the outstanding Nazi in Oberammergau the year before another Passion Play was due. That may be significant. The Nazis quite possibly did refuse to facilitate or even to permit the production and Lang may have succumbed to the pressure brought to bear by sworn and savage enemies of his faith. True or not, it has not stopped Lang being listed as "class two" or a Nazi activist and as such he will presently appear for the adjudication of his case before the Garmisch Partenkirchen de-Nazification board.

American Catholics who want the Play in their zone in 1950, are said to be exerting influence on the German board so that Lang shall get off with a 2,000-mark fine as "class three" or a "Nazi follower."

An eloquent sidelight on this alleged whitewashing attempt is provided by Burgermeister Zunterer, who ardently wants U.S. Military Government to sanction a Passion Play in 1950, and realises that everything must be held in abeyance until the de-Nazification board speaks.

Zunterer is pressing for the "uncontaminating" of the entire cast, virtually the whole adult population of Oberammergau. The Mayor says naïvely: "I am supplying the Garmisch Partenkirchen board with fuel, transport and other assistance in order to hurry up the proceedings." There is only one quarter in Germany to-day where such things are procurable.

Second on the list for trial is Anni Rutz, who began acting the Virgin Mary when still a girl in her teens. She, also, is listed as "class two" or a Nazi activist. In the late thirties, Anni is a slim, not bad-looking spinster. The move in her case is to get her passed as a "class four" offender together with the great majority of the cast. Yet, remembering how practically all German women fell for the Führer, even more violently than the men, one wonders if Anni's defence is the true account. She explains that the Nazi Party applied pressure on the villagers so that they should join the Party welfare organisation. Once this was done, the villagers' names were used far and wide in collecting winter relief funds and Oberammergau became linked with the Nazis in the eyes of Germany as a whole.

"We joined the Nazi Party Welfare," says the woman who plays the mother of Jesus, "in order to preserve the integrity of the Passion Play. If we had not done so, Goebbels, of course realising its immense possibilities, would have got control of it. That was his plan. He was going to use it for his own purposes."

It may well be that the immediate future of the Passion Play will turn on how the de-Nazification board reacts to the man who has long played Judas, the veteran Hans Zwink. I was billeted at Zwink's villa out in the water-coursed meadows and recall how disconcertingly short was the cot, necessitating my feet reposing half-way up the wall, among holy pictures. At any rate, the man who sometimes stole the act as the treacherous, rascally Judas, appears to have been the one leading villager who in pre-war days would have nothing to do with Nazism. There by showing that it was not imperative to submit to the bullies of the hour, since Zwink came through whole and hearty, even after he had taken the risk of saying on the day that Hitler attended in 1934, these recordly daring words: "I see the features of a criminal among the audience."

Or did he say it?

Whether *ben trovato* or not, it is the fact that the German who will have charge of the prosecution at Garmisch says he finds Judas "the most okay German in the village."

There is other evidence that the money side of the Play may have salient effect.

Mayor Zunterer intends to have recordings played before the board, featuring the scene when the angered Christ drives the money-changers from the temple, with the words, "Is this the house of My Father?" This was the high-light of the whole Play, the most dramatic moment if not the climax of the mighty drama, and it seems that the Garmisch prosecutor intends using a similar approach to the Nazis of Oberammergau. That they erred; and let them go and mend their ways.

Elsewhere in Germany the results of this de-Nazification trial will no doubt be keenly watched by a host of others lacking a play to influence their destiny.

THE TASK OF THE VAN DER FECHTS: This Viennese monumental mason, seen at work on a small figure in his outdoor workshop, lives in the French-occupied zone of the city and works with his father, Florian. As a result of the war and the damage done to Vienna, they have a full-time job repairing the city's monuments

RENOVATING A MASTERPIECE FROM THE CATHEDRAL AT SALZBURG: Florian Van der Fecht at work on the 300-year-old statue of St. Barbara. Father and son have more work than they can cope with, Austria's monuments having suffered so severely during the last days of the war when the Germans retreated before the advancing Russian tide

AMERICA EXPERIMENTS with FLYING FLAPJACKS, JETS and LOONS

On right—The V.173, the U.S. Navy's all-wing machine, which for some obscure reason is now to be designated XF5U-1, is one of the most unorthodox of all the all-wing planes so far introduced. It has lately undergone extensive trials, showing a marked versatility of performance. The machine has two large three-bladed propellers kept clear of the ground by high landing gear, and these are jointly driven by fuselage engines connected by an ingenious gear-and-shaft arrangement. Details of the test flights are at the moment being kept secret, so we have no idea if the V.173 has attained the 400 m.p.h. its designers so optimistically claimed for it. It is known, however, that it has revealed slow-fast flight characteristics, being able to hover and also to travel horizontally at speed. Theoretically a near-vertical take-off is also possible

THE "FLYING FLAPJACK" MAKES A TEST FLIGHT: The V.173, latest type introduced by the United States Navy, a machine capable of near-hovering and also of high speeds, has engines protruding in slender tubular nacelles

TO AID THE STUDY OF AIR-FLOW CHARACTERISTICS AT VARYING SPEEDS: Tufts being placed over a selected part of the wing and fuselage of one of North American Aviation's new planes. In this test a film camera is set in the wing-tip and another under the fuselage to photograph the black-tufted area in flight. The subsequent film indicates stresses and strains involved as the air flows over the trailing edge of the wing and the vital junction of wing and fuselage. All North American Aviation's planes are tested in this way

TESTING JET EQUIPMENT UNDER AIRBORNE CONDITIONS: A J.D.1. long-range bomber of the United States Navy, carrying in a slung position beneath its fuselage a 9-in. diameter jet tube. The tube, like every other item of new equipment, is put through this routine test before being incorporated in an experimental machine. All combat equipment has been removed from the J.D.1 and has been supplanted by telemetering and other instruments

THE LOON SOARS SKYWARD BOOSTED BY ITS FOUR POWERFUL ROCKET ATTACHMENTS: This very much modified version of the German V.1 has been adopted by the United States Navy and is seen roaring into the air from the Air Missile Test Centre at Point Mugu, California, 40 miles north of Los Angeles. The four booster rockets in the tail fall free at the end of the thunderous initial thrust, which lasts less than two seconds. The missile, weighing 3 tons, has a range of more than 150 miles, and its speed is over 425 m.p.h.

FURTHER OUTBREAKS OF TERRORISM IN TEL AVIV AND JERUSALEM: *Left*—British troops guarding a car which was used by an armed Jewish gang to ambush a British police patrol in the streets of Tel Aviv. As a result of the hold-up two policemen were injured, one of them seriously. *Right*—This jeep ended up at the barred entrance of a Jerusalem grocery shop after it had been attacked with grenades and small-arms fire in the Mea Shearim quarter of Jerusalem. Two jeeps were involved in the attack, and although all four occupants were injured, they managed to jump safely to the ground and to take cover

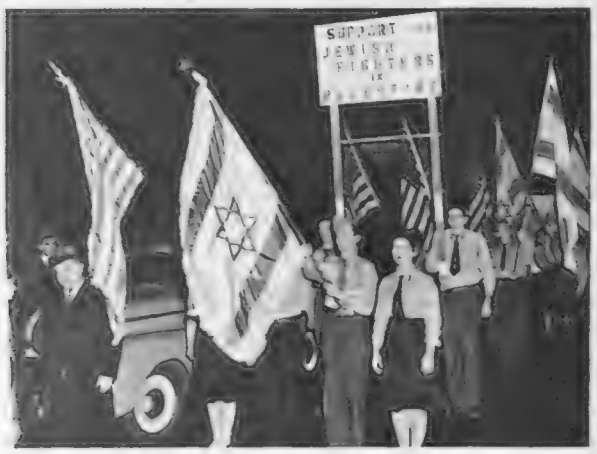
Following the execution of Dov Gruner, which had been delayed repeatedly in view of appeals against the sentence, a wave of terrorism spread through the Holy Land, with Jerusalem and Tel Aviv, as ever, the main centres of disturbance. There were frequent attacks on British Army and police vehicles, and the Tel Aviv attack, referred to in the picture above, had several unusual features and one extraordinary repercussion. It appears that while a police armoured carrier was escorting a post-office official in a car through Tel Aviv the car was blown up in the middle of an important thoroughfare and in the full light of day. In order to protect the Jewish gangsters who threw the bomb from a car, covering small-arms fire was given by accomplices from surrounding buildings, the whole incident giving evidence of being a carefully planned military manœuvre. One of the Jews who took part in the attack on the carrier was very seriously injured in the affray. He was taken to the Hadassah Hospital in Tel Aviv, but died subsequently on the operating table. Shortly after the body had been placed in the mortuary of the hospital friends of the dead man stole it away. The attack on the jeeps in Jerusalem was of particular significance, in that it took place in the Mea Shearim quarter, one of the areas recently released from statutory martial law. It is evident that the co-operation of the community, which at one time showed signs of being forthcoming, cannot be relied upon in this or any other quarter of Jerusalem.

A Foreign News Survey

A NEW WAVE OF PALESTINE TERRORISM

King Frederick Proclaimed; Democracy in Japan; Alaska's Oil

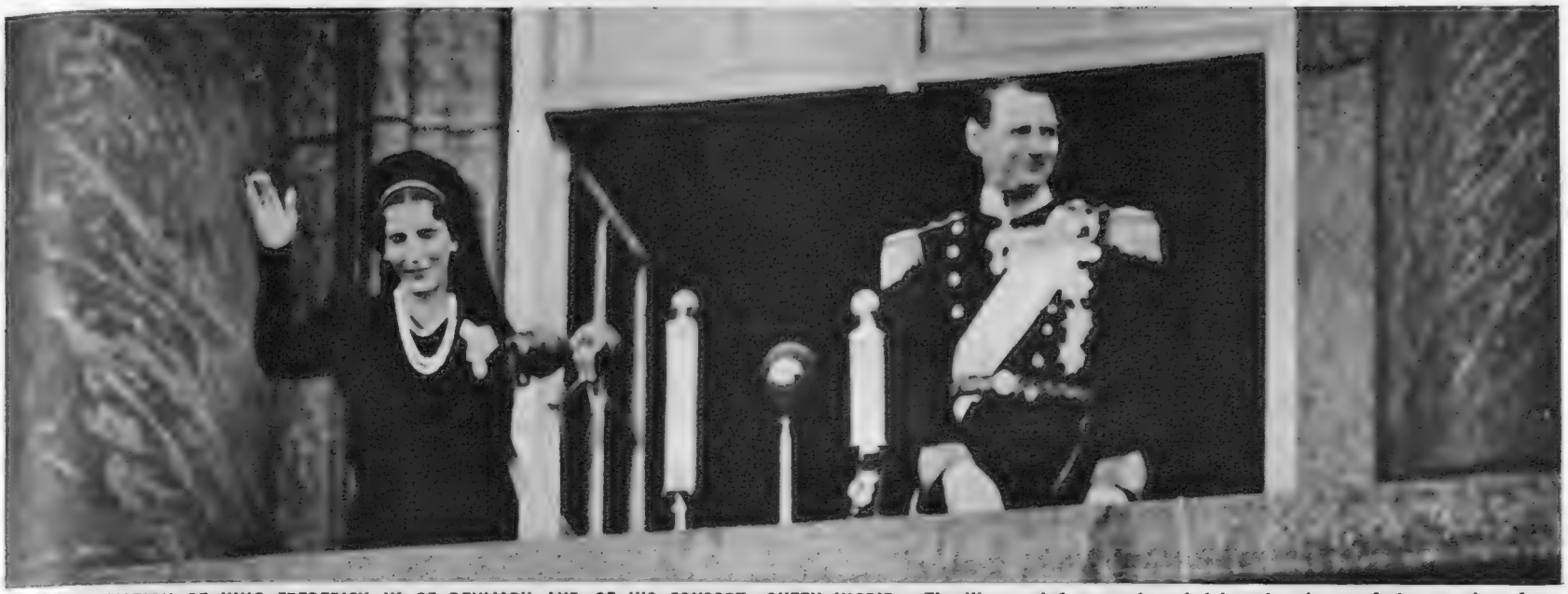
SPIRITED AWAY: The body of an unidentified Jewish attacker, believed to be a member of the Stern Gang, who was killed by a shot through the head during the recent attack on a police armoured carrier in the streets of Tel Aviv. This picture was taken in the Hadassah Hospital after he had died on the operating table. A few hours later the man's body was removed from the mortuary



ZIONIST YOUTH DEMONSTRATES IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK: Members of the Brith Trumpeldor of America parading through the city with American and Jewish flags. The parade was staged in connection with a petition which is being circulated for signature to 250,000 people and calls for support of the Jewish Underground Organisation, Irgun Zvai Leumi

THE HAGANA SHIP "THEODOR HERZL" DOCKS AT HAIFA: The vessel, in charge of a steel-helmeted boarding party and with her decks thronged with refugees, coming alongside the quay. She was first sighted from the air approaching Tel Aviv, and three warships of the British patrol closed in on her. The boarding party met with opposition, however, and in the subsequent fight two refugees were killed and twenty injured. Of the injured, six were suffering from gunshot wounds. Altogether 2,700 immigrants packed this forty-year-old Newcastle vessel of 1,760 tons, and their conditions were just about as bad as any encountered during the extraordinary history of illegal immigration. Along the bows of the vessel the immigrants placed a banner bearing the words: "The Germans destroyed our families. Don't you destroy our hopes." Meanwhile, in the Cyprus camps, where they are sent until they can be admitted under the quota, a hunger strike has taken place

A FROGMAN OF THE ROYAL NAVY PREPARES TO MAKE A ROUTINE INSPECTION: A swimmer, equipped with oxygen apparatus and special aids for his feet, about to leave his launch in Haifa Harbour before carrying out an underwater search of the hulls of corvettes and other craft just in case limpet mines had been attached to them by terrorists. One steamer, conveying illegal Palestine immigrants over to Cyprus, was blown up at Haifa last year, and everything possible is now done to prevent a repetition of that incident



THE PROCLAMATION OF KING FREDERICK IX OF DENMARK AND OF HIS CONSORT, QUEEN INGRID : **The King and Queen acknowledging the cheers of the populace from the balcony of the Christianborg Palace, Copenhagen, shortly after the Prime Minister had proclaimed the succession.** From the balcony King Frederick made a short speech to his people, paying a tribute to his father's memory and concluding with the words : "May God bless you and all Danish homes, and all homes where the Danish tongue is spoken and cherished." It was then that Queen Ingrid appeared on the balcony, and the King, grasping her hand and kissing her, said simply : "Now we two will march forward together, following the example set us by the old King and Queen." King Frederick was born in 1899. His marriage to Princess Ingrid, daughter of the Swedish Crown Prince and granddaughter of the first Duke of Connaught, took place in Stockholm in 1935. They have three daughters. As King Frederick has no son his younger brother, Prince Knud, becomes the heir-presumptive

THE NEW AND DEMOCRATIC JAPAN BROUGHT INTO BEING UNDER THE MACARTHUR REGIME : **A candidate for civic office appealing to the electorate for their votes prior to a municipal election in the Tokyo region.** In the past all city officials were appointed by the Central Government, and the people over whom they lorded it had to accept them. General MacArthur, who has introduced many vital reforms into conquered Japan, now declares that Japan is ready for a full measure of self-government

THE JAPANESE VERSION OF THE CITIZENS' ADVICE BUREAU : **Japanese unemployed applying for jobs and seeking vocational guidance at the Asakusa pleasure resort, Tokyo.** The caption accompanying this picture indicates that most of the job-hunters are in need of training, few of them having any industrial experience. This is distinctly surprising in view of what we know of highly-geared Japanese war-production

THE SEARCH FOR OIL IN ALASKA'S FAR NORTH—PROSPECTING THE 35,000 SQUARE MILES IN THE POINT BARROW REGION ON THE FRINGE OF THE ARCTIC CIRCLE : *Left*—**The box-car train, mounted on giant skis, and its snow-plough tractor in which oil-drilling crews are touring the Alaskan hinterland. At various points they set up their drills and prospect for oil.** *Right*—**Landing barges used at Point Barrow to bring supplies ashore for the oil-drilling crews from the ships which come up from Seattle during the few weeks when this part of the Arctic is ice-free.** The position of Point Barrow, Alaska's northernmost settlement, will be found in the map on page 148 of this issue, which deals with recent developments in a territory that may shortly become a new American Federal State. Ever since the construction of the Alaskan Highway during the war America has realised the importance of finding and developing the oil resources of Alaska, and this search has been intensified following the successes achieved by Canadian prospectors across the border. The Point Barrow prospectors are civilian engineers employed by the United States Navy, and already they have obtained a mass of evidence regarding the existence of oil in the region, although it is not certain if it can be tapped in commercial quantities. At present the Navy is employing seventy-four of these prospecting units

A FUJIYAMA OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE—FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES ACROSS THE RICH PASTURE LANDS OF THE TARANAKI, IN NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH ISLAND, MOUNT EGMONT PROVIDES A SHAPELY LANDMARK: An aerial view of the summit of the 8,260-ft. peak taken above the low-lying clouds. Mount Egmont is an extinct volcano, and its graceful symmetrical form, so reminiscent of Japan's celebrated peak, and dense clothing of forest have always evoked particular admiration

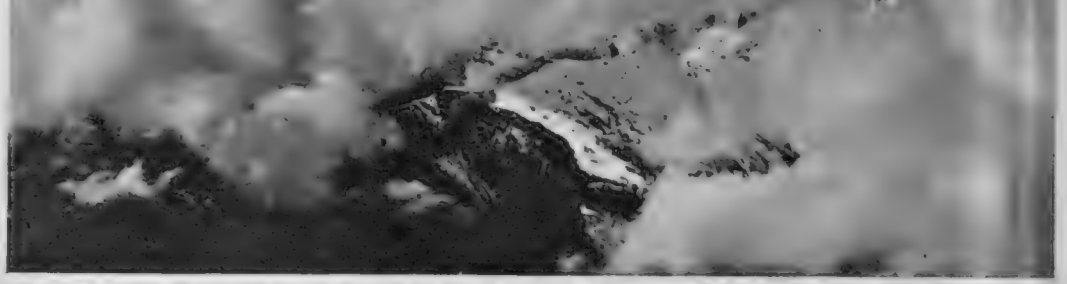
SOARING AMONG NEW ZEALAND'S MAJESTIC PEAKS

An Aerial Trip Amid Some of the World's Most Spectacular Scenery

NEW ZEALAND is known as one of the most compact of all Nature's playgrounds. The grandeur of its Southern Alps, the dividing crest of which runs from one end of the South Island to the other, over a distance of 300 miles, has a majesty which concedes nothing to similar mountain ranges in the Northern Hemisphere.

Tourists are impressed by the sights revealed by an air trip over New Zealand mountains. They see mountain ranges, volcanoes and crater lakes, until now reserved for the comparative few who have scaled the peaks of New Zealand.

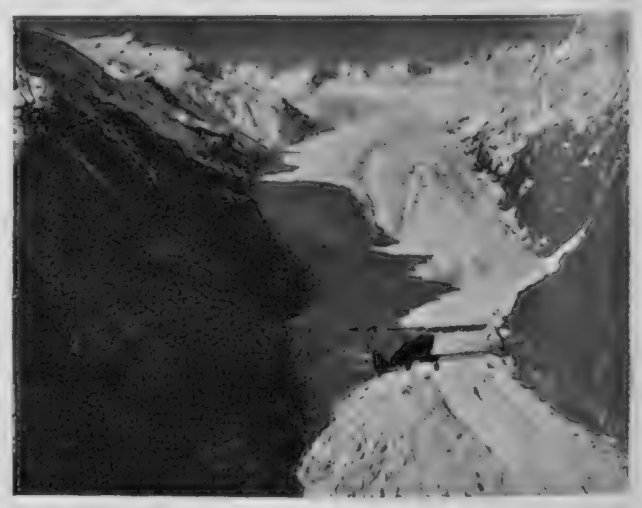
Which is the most magnificent of all the sights to be seen in New Zealand? Some say Mount Cook, the loftiest peak in the Southern Alps, especially impressive when viewed from the sea off the west coast. A flight round its 12,349-ft. summit, where there is perpetual snow and ice, displays some of the most remarkable and beautiful glaciers in the world. These great blue rivers of ice grind their way slowly down the slopes and on the western side crawl through bare rocks and down to forests as low as 400 ft. above sea-level.



THE GLORY OF NEW ZEALAND'S SOUTHERN ALPS: An aerial view of Mount Cook, which, towering to a height of 12,349 ft., is easily the first among the mountain peaks of the South Island. The Maoris call it Aorangi, meaning "Cloud Piercer," and it has an honoured place among their legends

FLYING OVER THE FOREST-CLAD MOUNTAINS OF THE SOUTHERN ALPS: A scene of grandeur in the South Island, where aerial travel is becoming increasingly popular among tourists, being recognised as by far the best way to appreciate the country's scenery

Sightseeing aeroplanes set off from a hostel which has an airstrip at its very door, and where you can climb aboard in carpet slippers. The machine, in its flight up the canyon, appears to be just above yawning crevasses which produce the most beautiful shades. Then the aircraft makes a turn, which to the uninitiated looks like ending up against the rock walls. Some passengers duck in apprehension, but in reality there is plenty of room.



IN THE FRANZ JOSEPH GLACIER: One of the showplaces of the Southern Alps to the west of Mount Cook. Only from a plane can its spectacular features be adequately appreciated

Farther down the Southern Alps is the "Matterhorn" of the Southern Hemisphere, Mount Aspiring, a beautiful peak and a perfect cone. While the flight over the mountains may appear dangerous if judged from these photographs, it is quite possible, if an engine failed, to glide down to one of the tussock grass valleys which stretch away for miles in all directions. To the north of the South Island there are more mountain ranges, but they are richly clothed with bush, over which air-liners fly daily to serve the West Coast towns. It is an awesome country, for in the late '20's an earthquake shattered whole mountain ridges. Mountain ridges were split down the centre and millions of tons of rock have careered down slopes.

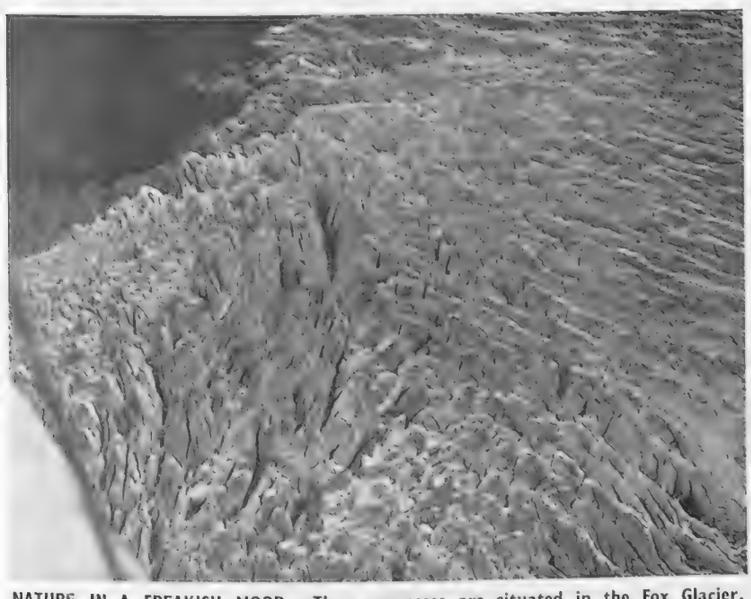
REMINISCENT OF THE MATTERHORN: A biplane flying above snow-clad Mount Aspiring. This lies in the Alps south of Mount Cook

The North Island has some colourful mountaineering sights to offer to the aerial mountaineer. In the centre of the island, quite detached from the main mountain system, isolated volcanic cones rise to nearly 10,000 ft. There is the remarkable Mount Ruapehu (9,175 ft.), the Mecca of winter-sports enthusiasts. It has a hot lake in the crater of its summit. Thousands of climbers have toiled up its slopes in years gone by, but there is a special loveliness in the scene from the air.

Off the coast from the thermal region in the Bay of Plenty lies White Island, an ever active volcanic cone. It has some big vents, and one, in particular, known as "Roaring Jimmy," roars away night and day, sending out clouds of steam and sulphur. The Maoris, in giving the name of Waikare to the island, attribute to it the origin of fire.

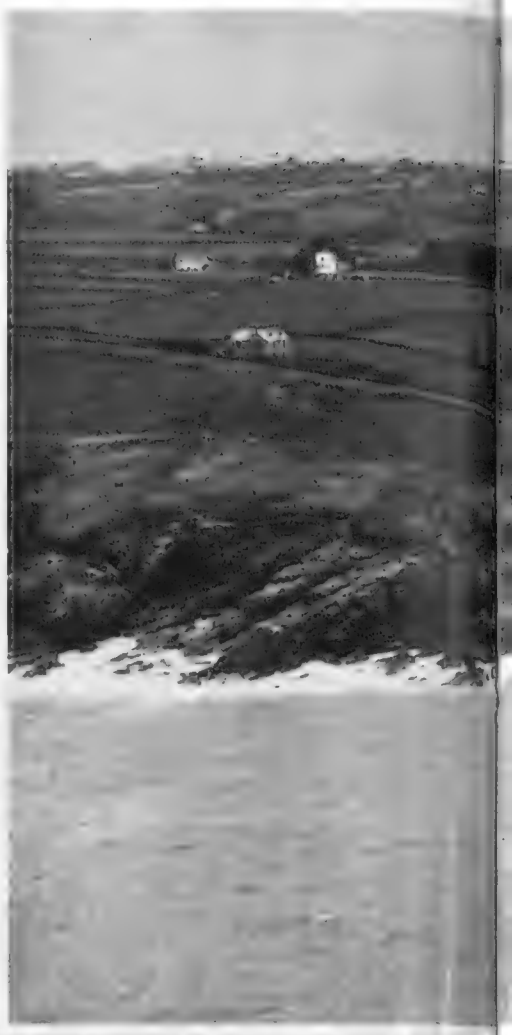
WHITE ISLAND, "HOME OF THE DEVIL"—A FEARSOME SPOT OFF THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH ISLAND, FAMED FOR ITS THERMAL ACTIVITY: An aerial view of the island, that lone, forbidding sentinel in the Bay of Plenty which the Maoris have aptly named the "Home of the Devil." White Island is shaped like an immense bowl, with a volcanic crater in the centre, and it has rich sulphur, salt and guano deposits. Captain Cook was the discoverer of the island, originally calling it the Isle of Wight, and in 1859 a naval landing party spent three days exploring it from end to end, later reporting to the Admiralty that it contained all the ingredients for the manufacture of gunpowder. Two years later two English officers bought the island from a Maori chief for two hogsheads of rum, but nothing ever came of this first plan to exploit the mineral deposits, although of recent years commercial concerns have operated there and even built a factory upon it

MECCA OF NEW ZEALAND'S WINTER-SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS—THE SLOPES OF MOUNT RUAPEHU, THE 9,000-FT. GIANT OF THE NORTH ISLAND: Set in the centre of the crater at the summit is a hot lake, but all around it are the eternal snows. Tongariro and Ngaruahoe, the two neighbour peaks, are all within the National Park area, and stand in the very centre of the North Island, rising dramatically from the plain and divorced from any mountain chain



NATURE IN A FREAKISH MOOD: These crevasses are situated in the Fox Glacier, one of the remarkable sights in the mountainous region of Westland

ONE OF NATURE'S SAFETY VALVES: A close-up of the volcanic crater which forms the centre of White Island, in the Bay of Plenty, North Island



THE WRECK OF THE 7,200-TON STEAMER "SAMTAMPA" OFF SKER POINT, PORTHCAWL, ON THE SOUTH WALES COAST: An aerial view showing the bow and stern portions of the vessel pointing towards the shore and farther out to sea the midships section. Forty-eight lives were lost when the *Samtampa* went aground off notoriously dangerous Sker Point, forty of them being members of the crew of the merchant vessel and eight members of the crew of the Mumbles lifeboat

THE RECEDING TIDE REVEALS THE THREE PORTIONS OF THE WRECKED FREIGHTER "SAMTAMPA" WHICH, WHEN UNDER BALLAST FROM MIDDLESBROUGH TO SOUTH WALES, WAS DRIVEN ASHORE IN A 70-M.P.H. GALE OFF SKER POINT: Immediately rockets were sent up and police and ambulance workers hurried to the shore. As the vessel was being driven on the rocks efforts were made to fire aboard her rockets with lines attached. The gale was so fierce, however, that the rockets were driven back almost to the firing-point. Meanwhile, the Mumbles lifeboat was trying vainly to effect rescues, ultimately capsizing in the attempt

THE "WARSPITE" ON THE CORNISH ROCKS—THE VETERAN BATTLESHIP AGROUND IN PRUSSIA COVE AFTER DRAGGING HER ANCHOR WHEN BEING TOWED ON HER LAST VOYAGE TO A CLYDE SHIPBREAKER'S YARD: An aerial view of the celebrated vessel, which once went into battle with a complement of 1,100 men but fought her final battle with the elements with a skeleton crew of eight on board. In this picture "Warspite" is seen deep down by the bows with a slight list to port, and her hull is firmly wedged on the treacherous rocks. Last week naval experts declared that it would probably be impossible to move *Warspite*, and they indicated that she might topple over into deep water to become a complete wreck. She was badly holed below the water-line. The *Warspite* was insured on a value of £150,000 for her voyage to the breaker's yard. On the first news of her stranding some underwriters sought re-insurance at 30 guineas per cent., but it is not believed that any substantial business was done. The *Warspite* is a veteran of the First World War, but she was reconditioned prior to 1939, new guns and new machinery being installed in the old hull, and during the Second World War she played a tremendous part in combined operations

The Toll of the Sea

THE DOUBLE TRAGEDY off PORTHCAWL

and the Loss of the "Warspite"

Last week was a week of violent storms round Britain's coasts, and it resulted in the sea taking a heavy toll. In Prussia Cove, Cornwall, the old battleship *Warspite* went aground when being towed on her last voyage to the shipbreaking yards, but of even wider concern was the double tragedy enacted off the coast of South Wales where the freighter *Samtampa* broke into three parts when being driven ashore in a 70-m.p.h. gale and the Mumbles lifeboat, which went to her rescue, capsized with a crew of eight. Altogether forty-eight lives were lost.

Officials of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution flew from the Isle of Wight to South Wales in order to investigate the tragedy. The capsized lifeboat, *Edward Prince of Wales*, lay only 200 yards from the *Samtampa*. Most of the eight members of the crew were married men and between them they leave fourteen children. Their widows will get pensions ranging from £1 15s. to £1 18s. a week. Mr. William Gammon, the coxswain, was particularly well known in South Wales, where many recall his performance off Port Talbot in 1944 when he received the lifeboatmen's V.C. for the best rescue of the year. It is understood that a full investigation is being made both of the double Porthcawl tragedy and of the loss of the *Warspite*

THE MORNING AFTER A GRIM TRAGEDY OF THE SEA—THE WRECKED MUMBLES LIFEBOAT LYING HULL UPWARDS AMID THE SURF AT SKER POINT, SOUTH WALES: The lifeboat, "Edward Prince of Wales," which was of the standard "Watson" type, made two trips across Swansea Bay to help the "Samtampa," and on the second occasion she capsized. In charge of the lifeboat was Coxswain William Gammon, who won the gold medal in 1944 for saving forty-two men from a Canadian frigate off Port Talbot

RESTORING BOMB-SCARRED LAMBETH PALACE

Preparing the Nerve-Centre of the Church of England for Its New and Wider Service

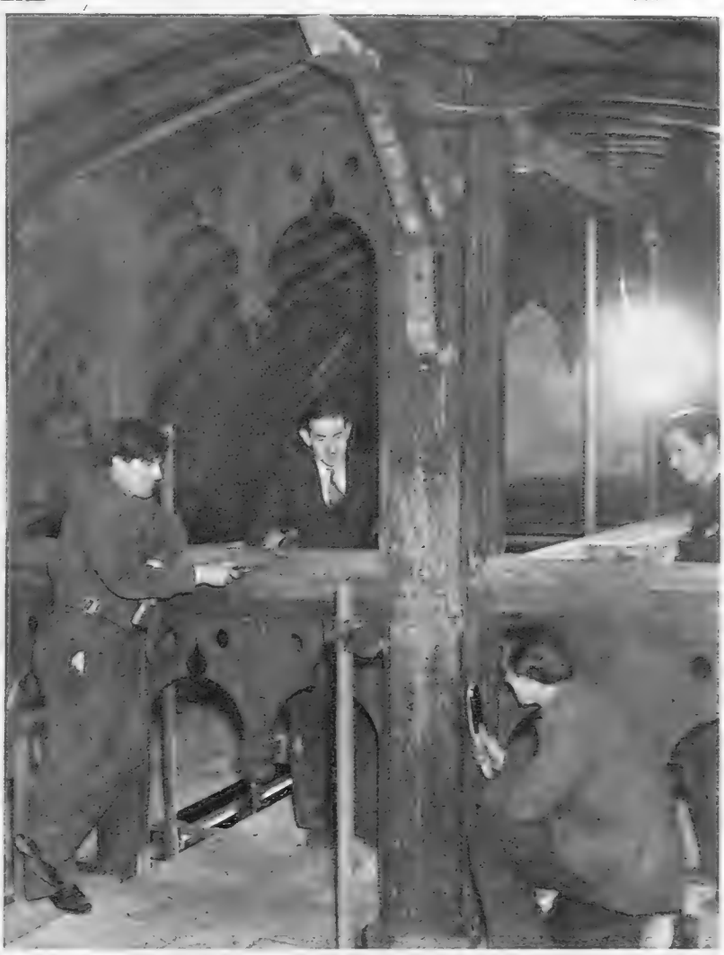
WORK HAS STARTED ON THE RESTORATION OF THE LIBRARY: Scaffolding in position in the Great Hall of Archbishop Juxon. During the war half the roof was damaged by fire as a result of incendiary bombs. It is hoped that the Library repair work will be complete by 1948 in time for the Lambeth Conference

LAMBETH PALACE LIBRARY, WHICH WAS REBUILT IN 1660-63 BY ARCHBISHOP JUXON AS HIS GREAT HALL: Now the damage of the war years is being restored. In charge of the task are the architects, the Hon. John Seely, F.R.I.B.A., and Paul Paget, L.R.I.B.A., who are embarking on an elaborate scheme prepared in conjunction with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners

LAMBETH PALACE CHAPEL WAS GUTTED BY ENEMY ACTION: Its restoration will take very much longer than the Library, and has not yet been started. The Chapel was built for Archbishop Boniface in the middle of the thirteenth century. It contained much fine woodwork installed by Archbishop Laud in the seventeenth century, a considerable quantity of which has been salvaged and which it is hoped to reset in the Chapel during the later stages of the restoration

THIS PART OF THE PALACE SUFFERED A DIRECT HIT BY AN H.E. BOMB DURING THE BL including the bay of the Grand Drawing-Room built to the designs of damage to this part of the building was very considerable, restoratio w The Palace from now on will not be the official home of the Archbishops Church of England and of the Anglican Communion, the Archbishop will st

THE CHAPEL CRYPT ESCAPED SERIOUS DAMAGE: The crypt, attributed to Langton's archiepiscopacy in the early thirteenth century, is at present being used for the storage of books evacuated from the damaged Library. Purbeck marble piers support the vault



AT WORK ON THE LIBRARY'S SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY HAMMERBEAM ROOF: The superficial charring of timber in the less-badly-damaged portions of the roof is cleaned off so that the extent of replacements may be determined

Lambeth Palace, which suffered from high-explosive bombs and incendiaries during the war, is now in process of restoration by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and while its old aspect will largely be restored, it will emerge as a very different Palace in order to fulfil the post-war needs of the Church. In this connection the Library will be greatly enlarged, and parts of the building will be adapted as a hostel to be available for visiting bishops and other clergy. The Archbishop of Canterbury, writing in his Diocesan notes, has explained exactly what the Church has in mind: "So far as the diocese is concerned, the only visible change will be that instead of being the temporary owner of the Old Palace, I shall become a tenant of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in whom the property will be vested. . . . Three things can be said confidently about Lambeth. It must remain, as it has been for so long, the nerve-centre of the Church of England and of the Anglican Communion. The Archbishop must therefore have his staff and offices there. It follows that for a great part of the year he must be in residence there. The scheme proposed secures all those things and also enables two great advantages. While the whole place remains within the orbit of the Archbishop, he is relieved of the burden of responsibility for the running of an inevitably large official establishment; and the Archbishop will have the great advantage of close touch with bishops and others from this country and from overseas who make use of the proposed guest hostel, apart from visitors whom he invites as his own guests in his own lodgings. . . . At Lambeth the Archbishop will have his private quarters for himself and his family and occasional visitors, while the rest of the building will have a resemblance to other parts of a college—the Library, the official rooms, and the quarters open to qualified visitors. In effect, I shall continue to have two homes—one at Canterbury and one at Lambeth, and my time will be divided between them."

THE BLITZ IN 1941: The north front at Lambeth Blore for Archbishop Howley (1829-33). As the will depend upon the availability of materials. os of Canterbury, but as the nerve-centre of the still have his extensive staff and offices there

THE FRIEZE IN THE LIBRARY ROOF ESCAPED DAMAGE FROM THE INCENDIARIES: A close-up of the frieze, showing mitres alternating with negro heads, the badge of Archbishop Juxon, for whom this Great Hall was built

THE TEXAS CITY CATASTROPHE

A Chain of Explosions and Fires Create Havoc in Galveston Bay

THREE DAYS AFTER THE FIRST EXPLOSIONS SHOOK THE WATERFRONT IN TEXAS CITY: An aerial view of the stricken port showing the wrecked warehouses in which fires broke out immediately after the S.S. "Grandcamp," loading ammonium nitrate in the harbour area on the right of the picture, had exploded. About four hundred people were killed immediately; 3,000 were injured

Even at this juncture it is impossible to assess the magnitude of the Texas City disaster. The death-roll has been estimated at such varying figures as 400 and 1,200. The number of injured was at least 3,000, some say 8,000. The damage to property is reckoned by insurance brokers to have been at least £25,000,000, and there is no doubt that this small but highly important port in Galveston Bay has suffered a crushing blow. Last week a Federal Inquiry into the disaster was instituted, and this at once proved that the chain of explosions, which eventually involved the whole city, started in the harbour with the French steamer *Grandcamp*. Many of those who died in the initial explosion were lining the waterfront watching the attempts to tow the burning *Grandcamp* out to sea

THE TEXAS CITY WATERFRONT IS REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES—A CLOSE-UP OF SOME OF THE WRECKAGE WHICH LITTERED THE SHORES OF GALVESTON BAY AFTER ONE OF THE WORST EXPLOSIONS IN AMERICAN HISTORY: On the right of the picture can be seen the funnel of the S.S. "Grandcamp," the French ship which exploded near the Monsanto Chemical Works when loading a cargo of ammonium nitrate. According to insurance assessors, the insurance loss in Texas City may amount to £25,000,000. At least 95 per cent. of the houses in the city have been damaged, and windows were broken over a radius of 140 miles

THE WRECKED MONSANTO CHEMICAL PLANT—MANY HOURS AFTER THE FIRST EXPLOSION FIRES STILL BURN ALONG THE WATERFRONT AND BLACK SMOKE STILL RISES FROM THE £4,000,000 CHEMICAL WORKS WHICH WAS TOUCHED OFF BY THE ORIGINAL EXPLOSION IN THE S.S. "GRANDCAMP": The most shocking feature of this disaster, which in some ways bears a close resemblance to the Halifax explosion in 1917, was that explosions followed each other in steady succession over a period of three days. At the end of that time all but 1,500 of the 15,000 inhabitants of the city had sought refuge in neighbouring towns

THE SPREAD OF FIRES INLAND FROM THE WATERFRONT TO THE OIL-STORAGE TANKS—AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE RESIDENTIAL SECTION OF TEXAS CITY AND THE REFINERY AREA (RIGHT) WHERE HIGH-OCTANE PETROL WENT UP IN FLAMES: The dense black smoke pouring from the Monsanto Chemical Works carried poisonous fumes to every part of the city, thus doubling the difficulties confronting the rescue workers and ambulance brigades. Nearly every house seen in the foreground of this picture suffered some form of damage from the initial blast. To prevent looting, 1,500 police were drafted into the city

THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY—A THIN WHITE RIBBON CUTTING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS OF CANADA: An aerial view of the famous road which was built during the war to connect the United States with its far northern territory, and thus ensure that, if Alaska was invaded by the Japanese, the Allies would have a vital supply route immediately to hand. To-day, as a result of the building of the highway, the development of air lines, and the land-settlement schemes started during the Roosevelt regime, Alaska is on the verge of becoming one of the United States, and it is possible that, following Hawaii, she will be made the fiftieth State of the Union. These pages give a cross-section of recent developments in Alaska

ALASKA MAY BECOME AN AMERICAN STATE

Scenes in the Fast Developing Territory, and on the Great Alaskan Highway Leading Through Canada

ALASKA IN 1947: A sketch-map of the territory which America bought from Russia for 1d. per acre in 1867 and which is now seeking to become one of the United States. The map shows how the Alaskan Highway, which starts at Edmonton, crosses Alaska's border to Fairbanks

START OF THE ALASKAN HIGHWAY: Just north of Edmonton, Alberta, the motorist reaches the barrier and there he must convince the Canadian Mounties of the roadworthiness of his vehicle

When Secretary of State Seward bought Alaska from the Russian Government in 1867 at a cost of 1d. per acre, it was regarded as no Louisiana Purchase bringing a wealthy hinterland to the United States, and it was even dubbed by some politicians as "Seward's Folly."

It was not until 1884, when it was organised as a District governed by the laws of Oregon, that Alaska began to make any progress at all, and although the discovery of the nearby Canadian goldfields of the Klondyke brought thousands flocking northwards, this did not usher in a period of orderly settlement.

In the first half of the twentieth century, however, vast mineral resources have been revealed in the territory, and it has been realised that despite the long winter, extending to nine months of the year, it is possible to raise barley, oats, rye, potatoes and cabbages in the rich valley areas of the south.

It was left to Franklin Roosevelt and his New Deal in the 30's to push forward a plan of land settlement in Alaska, and, as a result of that first experiment in the Matanuska Valley, many hundreds of families have been established on 40-acre holdings. The

(Continued above on right)

THIS IS ALASKA'S CHICAGO—A VIEW LOOKING DOWN FOURTH AVENUE IN THE TOWN OF ANCHORAGE, WHICH HAS A POPULATION OF 11,000 AND LIES ON THE AMERICAN FLYING ROUTE TO THE ORIENT. Of recent years Anchorage has grown at an astonishing pace, as witness the picture on the right, which was taken in 1941 when the buildings were all weatherboard and there were few shopfronts. The threat of a Japanese invasion has been one of the principal causes of Alaskan development, but in the early 1930's, when Roosevelt settled unemployed families in the Matanuska Valley, it became obvious that the territory had a vast future. To-day more and more American citizens are making their homes in Alaska, many of them travelling north on the great Alaskan Highway

WHERE ALASKA REACHES TOWARDS THE POLE: An aerial view of Point Barrow, the northernmost settlement in Alaska, showing the airstrip, built by the United States Army. The picture was taken in high summer as the Polar pack-ice and the snow were melting. Summer in Point Barrow lasts all July

THE SEA ROUTE TO ALASKA: A vessel from Seattle, Washington State, tied up against the pier at Whittier, Alaska. Alaska provides first-rate timber country, but it is now attracting settlers because of its abounding possibilities for agricultural development despite its strictly limited summer

ALASKA'S GOVERNOR: Mr. Ernest Gruening, a one-time Boston editor, who now governs the territory and hopes to have the privilege of leading it to statehood. Since 1906 Alaska has had the right to elect a delegate to Congress, but its people now seek full recognition

KETCHICAN IS A CENTRE OF THE SALMON-CANNING INDUSTRY: A view of the picturesque seaport of South-East Alaska with its weather-board buildings set amid the pinewoods at the foot of the mountains. Ketchican is a prosperous town, and its 6,000 inhabitants are as eager as all other Alaskans that their territory shall be incorporated as a State of the Union

romantic and dramatic story of that settlement is told by Wessel Smitter in *Another Morning*, a remarkable new novel just published in this country.

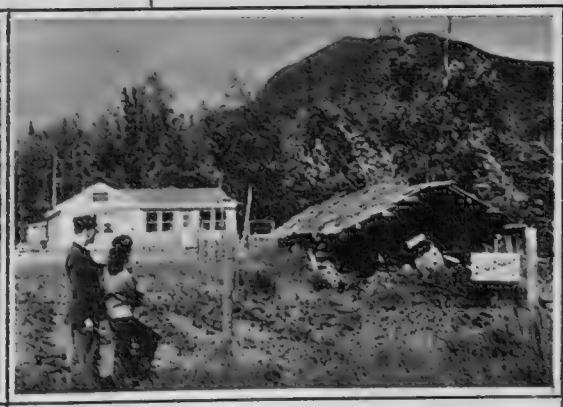
Since the Matanuska settlement Alaska has continued to progress and with the building of the great Alaska Highway during the Second World War the territory was brought at one step into close contact with civilisation. The highway, which starts at Edmonton, was built primarily as a vital supply line for the American and Canadian forces should the Japanese invade the North American continent. After Pearl Harbour there was, of course, every likelihood of such a move.

To-day that same highway serves the ends of peaceful settlement, and day by day out, through the long winter and the short summer, convoys speed northwards bearing supplies from the cities of the south to the pioneer settlers of the north. The pictures on these pages give some idea of recent developments in Alaska, particularly at Anchorage, which lies on the American air route to the Orient, and of Matanuska, where so many U.S. ex-service veterans are now settling.

AMID THE RICH EARTH OF THE MATANUSKA VALLEY: An ex-Serviceman settler and his bride looking over a 40-acre smallholding which has been cleared for cultivation and, in the brief months of summer, produces a first-rate crop. This settlement of the Matanuska Valley was encouraged under the Roosevelt regime on a co-operative basis, and it is already yielding rich results. Many of the first settlers were families hard hit by unemployment

A SCHOOL FOR ESKIMO CHILDREN ON THE EDGE OF THE ARCTIC OCEAN: Young Eskimos playing with an old oil drum at Point Barrow, the settlement in Alaska's far north where the United States is at present prospecting for oil on an extensive scale. Wells already sunk have brought quite promising yields

A PIONEER HOME IN THE MATANUSKA: In the first days of settlement on a smallholding the settlers live in a log cabin with a tented roof. Meanwhile they build their house and prepare their land



PIONEERING CAN PAY: On the right is the first log cabin occupied by a family of settlers in the Matanuska Valley. In the background is the timber home they have built and are paying for out of earnings

CARVED FROM THE ALASKAN WILDERNESS: A settler's wife and child outside the log cabin they have built on their Matanuska smallholding. Heavy double window-frames keep out the winter's cold

HOME NEWS FROM TOWN and COUNTRY

QUARRYING STONE FOR THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS: Huge blocks being prepared for lifting by crane out of the quarry at Clipsham, Rutlandshire. This particular stone has been chosen for the rebuilding of the bomb-shattered House because it is best suited to withstand the onslaughts of the London atmosphere. It is a warm cream colour, and blends well with the English oak which will be used throughout the building. The foundations of the new House are now complete

NEW STONE FOR ST. PAUL'S: Masons engaged in preparing blocks to replace damaged portions of the exterior wall involved in the blitz. St. Paul's, amid the vast destruction surrounding it, emerged with only minor damage and survived a direct hit from an h.-e. bomb which failed to explode. Parts of the exterior, however, were pitted by fragments of bombs which destroyed neighbouring office buildings, and it is these scarred blocks which are now being replaced

A MINOR TRAGEDY ON BRITAIN'S LILLIPUTIAN RAILWAY: The engine of the Hythe-Dymchurch light railway express and a farm tractor which came into collision at Palmarsh, near Hythe, both of them overturning just beyond a sharp bend in the line. None of the passengers in the miniature train was injured, and the engine-driver and the tractor-driver both managed to jump clear before the impact. The railway, so well known to visitors to the South Coast, was used during the war for mobile anti-aircraft equipment. It was only recently reopened

SHADES OF RYE HOUSE, TITUS OATES AND THE POPISH PLOT: Salisbury House, in Bury Street, Edmonton, at one time the home of the notorious Judge Jeffreys, who became Lord Chancellor of England in 1685, may be converted into flats. This three-storied, partially timbered building dates back to the Jacobean period, although its foundations are considerably older. Wooden beams support the low ceilings and winding stairs lead to the wine cellars. It is said to have a secret passage leading to Enfield Vicarage, about 2 miles away. Edmonton Council acquired the house before the war, intending to convert it into a museum. During the war it was used as an A.R.P. headquarters. Now the borough's housing department have taken over the building for conversion into flats owing to the acute housing shortage

SPEEDING BRITAIN'S HOUSING PROGRAMME: Components for Airey prefabricated houses being loaded on to a vehicle at the works of the Durus Cast Stone Company at Brentwood, Essex. The Government is said to have placed orders for 20,000 of these easily erected houses

AIREY HOUSES ON A LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL ESTATE: Prefabricated dwellings in varying stages of construction at Hainault, Epping Forest. The components are made at a Brentwood factory, and at the moment enough are being produced to complete twenty-five houses each week. Production may be stopped temporarily, however, and the factory will then be geared to an output of fifty houses a week. Each house takes a gang of men one week to erect it. The labour required is mostly unskilled and, owing to the fact that very little mortar is used, construction work can proceed in all weathers. There are two styles of Airey house. A flat-roofed example is on the left, and next to it are three houses with pitched roofs

THE DUCHESS OF KENT LAUNCHES THE NEW LIGHT FLEET CARRIER H.M.S. "CENTAUR": Her Royal Highness standing on the launching dais during the ceremony at Messrs. Harland and Wolff's Belfast shipyard. The launching was one of the highlights of the Duchess's four-day visit to Northern Ireland. The new vessel, which will probably have a displacement of about 18,300 tons, belongs to the Hermes class. Very few details of these ships are at present available, but it is probable that they are an enlarged version of the Majestic class built in the closing stages of the war and designed essentially for Pacific service

H.M.S. "CENTAUR" GLIDES INTO HER ELEMENT: The new light fleet carrier after being launched by the Duchess of Kent at Belfast. As she entered the water dockyard workers who had helped to build her rushed on to the slipways to give her a cheer. On the right two of the men are seen dancing a jig. Some of the workers viewed the launching from gantries

RAMB[illegible] PAY TRIBUTE TO THE PIONEERING OF ANDREW BLAIR: Sixty-[illegible]-year-old Mr. Blair listens from his stretcher, specially con-[illegible]d for the occasion to the summit of Thurstaston Hill, Cheshire, [illegible]ighty-four-year-old Mr. T. A. Leonard, President of the Holiday [illegible]ship, unveils a monument to his work in fighting for the p[illegible]ic's right to use footpaths once denied them by law. Mr. Blair, [illegible]s now completely bedridden, was conveyed to the foot of the hill by [illegible]lance and friends combined together to carry the stretcher on to the summit [illegible]urstaston, which stands in a commanding position above the Dee Estuary

THE RAMBLERS GATHER ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND VOICE THEIR GRIEVANCES: In a natural amphitheatre in the Chew Valley, near Oldham, walking enthusiasts met recently in order to frame proposals for a Parliamentary Bill giving them greater access to still restricted parts of the countryside. The speakers addressed the meeting from a farm cart. In front of the speakers' cart a large patch of snow still lay on the ground

THE TRAGEDY OF FENLAND—THE AFTERMATH OF THE FLOODS WHICH HAVE CREATED SUCH HAVOC IN EAST ANGLIA: *Left*—Sodden ground, littered with broken branches of trees and other rubbish carried along by the floodwaters, seen outside a farmhouse. *Right*—Farmhands examining a stack of cattle fodder to determine the extent of the damage. These two scenes are typical of Fenland to-day, where many acres of rich agricultural land will not be sown this spring and a vital crop will be lost to the farmers and the nation. One of the most serious aspects of the floods has been the loss of cattle food. While the herds were for the most part driven to places of safety before the advancing tide, it was quite impossible to remove the stacks of fodder which now lie rotting on the ground. For weeks past Admiralty and N.F.S. pumps have been hard at work draining the fens, and lately they have been reinforced by even bigger pumps sent over by the Dutch Government. The Admiralty pumps can take a foot of water from an acre of land in one hour. Last week the Lord Mayor of London presided at the Mansion House over the first meeting of a provisional committee set up to distribute the Lord Mayor's National Distress Fund

CAVIARE at 1,300 FRANCS per PORTION

Life in Cannes and Nice Pursues Its Luxurious Way

By CHARLES GRAVES

CANNES, the most elegant pre-war city in the world, remains the most elegant in 1947. Not a hair is out of place. True, if you look carefully along the Croisette you will find a number of small potholes, spaced 2 metres apart, which supported the stanchions which supported the barb-wired defences during the German occupation. But of the blockhouses and the fifteen batteries (coast defence) which protected the City of Flowers and Sport from the Allies, there is no sign.

The statue of the pretty nude dodging the jets of water remains one of the most charming fountains in France. Sunburnt young gymnasts smooth out the sand for volley ball, just as they did before the war. The water-pedal cyclists progress like water-beetles close inshore. Children dash around in baby self-propelled motor-cars. The carpet-sellers from Algiers, Tunis and Morocco are back again in their burnouses. The same newspaper-sellers with sheaves of *Figaros* and Continental *Daily Mails* and the new Communist papers accost you every few minutes as you sit in a striped deck-chair. Poodles bark. Autobuses draw up for clients wanting to go to the Gorge de Loup. Itinerant photographers offer their services. The cactus and palms, the red and white tulips, the beds of orange marigolds and blue jonquils make the Croisette appear exactly as you hoped it would look again. The Royalty Bar, the Royal Bar, the Carlton Bar—you would never guess that they had been occupied by the Germans.

Numbers of new restaurants have sprung up since 1939. Of these I would recommend the Drap d'Or, the Maison du Fois Gras and the Voile à Vent. The first-named is designed like a marquee at the time of the Field of the Cloth of Gold—the walls covered by white satin embroidered with gold and silver tassels. The Maison du Fois Gras has only four tables, but its walls are covered with shelves full of bottles. The Voile à Vent has a pink-and-white decor and a reputation for local fish dishes.

Even the barmen have not altered. Jules of the Carlton and Eric of the Casino do not seem to have aged by five minutes. Part of both the Winter and the Summer Casinos were damaged during the war, but the signs are absolutely invisible. The decor is as gay as ever and the gala dinners exactly as before—with Italian Princesses, the British Ambassadress, counts and countesses, gigolos and actresses, the famous rising floor from which the Savoy Hotel copied its restaurant, tango bands and bottles of champagne.

Technically, the winter season has come to an end and the summer season does not begin for another month or so. But, in season or not, Cannes is quite delightful at the moment, and the number of G.B. number-plates seem to increase daily. The scare of Max Intrator has completely died down. I met two of his accomplices, who seemed quite unruffled again, although they disappeared for two or three days. Nobody is likely to cash English cheques again. But there are many ways of ensuring a steady flow of money even out here. In the meantime, the value of the franc remains quite extraordinary. It cost us 225 francs to take a taxi from the Casino to our hotel—about 1,200 yards—after the gala dinner. For the same money you can have a bedroom and bathroom in a small hotel and a couple of meals in one of the smaller restaurants, or a new golf ball. Mandelieu Golf Course is in full working order again and to-morrow I 'm going to try Mongins. Cagnes, however, has ceased to function and will become an aerodrome. The only thing which is really missing in this part of the world are the racecourses at Cannes and Nice, and even these are going to be revived next year.

At one time, it looked as if the isles of Marguerite and Honorat were going to be put out of bounds, because Marshal Pétain was to be incarcerated there. The worthies of Cannes, however, protested, and the old man is now imprisoned on an island somewhere near La Rochelle.

One of the few traces of the Occupation here are the number of Alsatians and German Boxer dogs, with dachshunds for good measure. It is surprising, too, how often one hears German spoken. Nice is also comparatively untouched. One or two houses remain camouflaged at the very far end of the town and the Jetty Casino has disappeared bodily—the Germans stripped it of all its furnishings and metal.

The Promenade des Anglais is confessedly somewhat untidy where the blockhouses have been removed. But it will all be cleared up within a few weeks. Two of the men of the Maquis were hanged from the lamp standards just off the Place Massena, but the Resistance Movement was not particularly strong on the Riviera. Most of it was maintained in the mountains behind. One effect of the occupation and ultimate liberation is the number of streets which have had their names changed to Avenue Generale de Gaulle or Rue de Victoire or something. It is an economic way of paying tribute to a hero—much cheaper than giving a Civil List pension—but it must be a great nuisance for the postman. Worse still, one of the streets at Beausoleil which was changed to the name of the French leader is already being changed again — to that of a French Communist.

Thoughtful French people, even in the South of France, are wondering about France's political future. They believe that General de Gaulle may once again save the country, particularly if prices can be brought down and the peasant and Black Marketeers alike can be persuaded to return their hoarded gold. By clever manipulation, the Bank of France has already succeeded in bringing down the price of gold by half since January 1. Four months ago a gold Louis was worth 6,000 paper francs. Now it is worth 2,980 and is likely to go still lower.

As I write, certain "manifestations" are expected on Labour May Day, but these are not expected to have any undue effect on the economic life of the country, and by next autumn, when the harvest is in, France should be comparatively happy and comfortable. At the moment, there is a sort of forced gaiety. At least, the country has no large army or navy to support, which is bound to cut down the overheads. The British are popular, although everyone complains that the Government has exported all the best champagne and Camembert.

There is no talk whatsoever about the war. It has been conveniently forgotten and all embarrassing memoirs about the French attack on Gibraltar and the defence of Oran and Casablanca are discreetly shelved. There is, however, fear of Russia and the danger of a Fifth Column movement among the French Communists, who seem to have an inordinate number of newspapers, particularly on the Riviera. One cannot blame the poorer people for looking with envy at the groaning tables of the richer restaurants, but the phrase "Black Market" when applied to food is a misnomer. All that the French have done is to de-ration almost everything and fail to subsidise foodstuffs as we have done. The result was that prices rose in every direction until the Government stepped in with a couple of compulsory 5 per cent. cuts a few weeks ago. It is quite possible that they will do the same again in the near future; for which reason everyone is holding back from the purchase of everything except essential goods. But there is no such thing in France as a Black Market such as we know in England. What is really astonishing is the amount of money that everybody seems to have. The other day I was fascinated to see a whole autobus load of working-class people buying oranges at 80 francs (3s. 4d.) apiece when their vehicle stopped by a wayside café. Gambling by the French is also very heavy in the Casinos, and when you see the price of clothes and shoes in the shops you wonder where on earth the typists and labourers have been able to find the money to buy and wear them. After nearly a month in France, from Paris to the Riviera, I have scarcely seen a single really badly dressed person, and the *only* beggar was a half-caste girl holding a baby—probably a relic of the U.S. negro troops who were billeted at Antibes.

The rich people, of course, are dressed most extravagantly, and think nothing of eating caviare at 1,300 francs per small portion. But they are not the same class as those who had the money in 1939. They are younger and more slick. Most of them made their money out of negotiations with the Germans, who paid generously enough with the francs which they printed by the hundred millions on the Banque of France's own printing presses. Now those days have passed, but there still remains a large surplus of paper wealth which is in evidence at all the expensive watering-places of the Riviera.

THE U.S. FLEET ASSEMBLES FOR ITS SUMMER CRUISE—THE CRUISER "DAYTON" IN NAPLES HARBOUR BEFORE LEAVING WITH THE "PROVIDENCE" AND OTHER UNITS FOR THE EASTERN END OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: In the background are some of the bombed buildings of the port, and rising above them is the celebrated St. Elmo fort, for long a military prison. Its huge walls are built deep into the tufa rock of the hillside

THE SITE OF THE PROPOSED WATERWORKS IN DEDHAM VILLAGE: It has been suggested that the pump building and annexe could be housed in a group of farm buildings at the side, but it would be necessary to erect a temporary structure at the bore-hole to meet immediate requirements. The lines on the drawing indicate the viewpoints from which John Constable painted some of his famous series of "Vale of Dedham" landscapes. A favourite point was from the mill on the river Stour—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The DISPUTE over DEDHAM

A Beauty Spot in the Constable Country, Endangered by a Waterworks Scheme

The Bill promoted by the Tendring Hundreds Waterworks Company to obtain powers for the erection of a waterworks near the village of Dedham, in Essex, has roused a storm of complaint from local residents and lovers of the Constable country, and was the subject of a letter to *The Times* by Sir Alfred Munnings, the President of the Royal Academy, whose country house is in Dedham. He wrote: "... Should the present Bill go through, the threatened meadow will no longer be what it is to-day, the veritable and final piece of a stretch of country known to the world as Dedham Vale."

A Select Committee of the House of Lords is considering the Bill and has heard the case for the Dedham Vale Society, which is opposing the scheme. The Society points out that the waterworks would be adjacent to Dedham High Street, in which there are historic and beautiful buildings, and that these buildings have already been considered worthy of preservation under a section of the Town and Country Planning Bill. The district is not only a local asset but a national one and is visited by many thousands of people from this and other countries who come to the Constable country and who make a point of seeing Dedham Vale and Dedham Village. They point out that it would be possible to obtain the water from higher up the valley. The case for the Bill is that the entire north Essex peninsula depends on the company for its water, which also has to supply the Admiralty's demand and the L.N.E.R.'s for water for docks and shipping at Parkeston. The need is urgent and the water can only be obtained from the Stour Valley.

DETAIL FROM JOHN CONSTABLE'S FAMOUS PICTURE, "DEDHAM VALE, SUFFOLK," DATED SEPTEMBER, 1802: The painting, which belongs to the early period, before Constable had fully developed his remarkable technique, was purchased by the City of Edinburgh for £20,000

A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE VILLAGE OF DEDHAM: On the left is the field where it is proposed that the water-pumping station should be erected. In the background, right, can be seen the church, immortalised by Constable in his painting, "Dedham Vale, Suffolk," detail from which is reproduced above

New Lamps and Old

SOME THOUGHTS ON ROYALTY

What Max Beerbohm Said in 1907 is Long Outmoded

By JOHN GORE

A PRODUCT OF THE EDWARDIAN AGE:—Because Max Beerbohm once wrote a delicious essay called "Some Words on Royalty," we must not be deterred from essaying the self-same theme.

If one accepted that principle, all poetry would have died and ended with Shakespeare or Spenser or perhaps Homer; all fiction with Cervantes, and all journalism with Defoe. And another thing: Max's delicious trifle is a little outmoded to-day. Not its literary excellence, of course, but its main arguments. The essay in question is his first in *More*, published in 1907.

That was in the Edwardian Age, and in that epoch what he said of Royalty was still recognisably true and just—if expressed in fantasy. The points he concentrated on, in considering the life and character of Royalties, were in chief that they were a race apart, their lives and natures little known to the public, "creatures of another order, specimens of an unrelated species." Max noted the "uniformity of their features," wondering whether they were masked. "Heavy, handsome, amiable, uninterested and uninteresting faces. . . ." "They cannot mingle with their fellows. They are kept from all contact with realities. For them there is no endeavour, no reciprocity, no salt of life." Above all, the horror of their existence, as Max saw it in 1907 (he had not then received the accolade or a halo), was summed up in the awful fact that never, never could they learn what their circle of acquaintances truly thought of them and their characters. And then, in a fancy-dress purple passage, he contrasted their lot with the glorious possibilities in the horoscope of an ordinary child, who might rise from lowly beginnings to the dizzy heights, might "laugh and conquer, clutch and falter, win for himself an aureole or a noose."

It was not a true estimate of all Royalty's plight in 1907, nor, continuously, before it, least of all in England. It was Max B. at his most impish. In England King Edward VII had had many opportunities of learning what candid critics thought of him and his character. It was perhaps broadly true of Queen Victoria in her later phase, but her Consort and her uncles had innumerable opportunities of making "contact with realities" and of obtaining revealing or harsh sidelights on themselves.

Outmoded.—It is even more demonstrable that Max's essay on Royalty is outmoded to-day by the briefest survey of the careers of the kings who followed Edward VII.

George V had candid friends from childhood in the rough and tumble of the Senior Service, and his own frank nature and humble heart were the severest critics of all. King George V indeed knocked Max for six off his own bat—and then knighted him, handing to him what, in another essay in the same volume, Max B. had labelled a "dingy patent" broadcast on mediocrity.

King Edward VIII had many flatterers and yes-men round him, but he had also among his family, his Oxford friends and in his entourage a number of men of strong character who were not afraid to speak out; and, indeed, in his youth he lived democratically enough.

Such a childhood was not denied our present King; perhaps it may be said that he had too much candid home criticism and too little encouragement in youth. That these circumstances contributed to making the last two Georges ideal constitutional monarchs in the new Democracy thrown up by the revolutions of two world wars their careers clearly show, and, indeed, no critic lives to deny.

And now, to-day, in the British Royal Family, how many of the main planks in Max's platform remain sound and true? The faces of our Royal Family remain handsome. Uniform they are not, for their blood is freely mixed. Nor could it fairly be said that those faces, in public or in private, are ever uninteresting, and certainly they are never uninterested.

The horoscope of a Royal child to-day in Britain possesses most of the glorious possibilities of the ordinary child, save that such a Royal child starts at least "socially" at the top, and save that he or she must still bow to a very few constitutional requirements.

He or she is nurtured and educated under exactly the same conditions as are thousands of ordinary children, save that the education, the discipline and the critical correction are a little more thorough. He or she is free to mix with a wide circle of young people and to laugh and criticise and exchange ideas. There is no hedge built between them and reality, no barrier to their learning their own worth or frailty.

They are not even forced into marriages of policy. They can (with obvious safeguards) choose for themselves in a wide circle. Three sons of King George V chose for themselves, their choices warmly approved by Sovereign and nation, and proven wonderfully shrewd.

THE PRINCESS GIVES UP HER SHOES—A FAMILY INCIDENT AT THE GRAVE OF CECIL RHODES: Princess Elizabeth is seen standing in her stockinged feet after she had lent her shoes to her mother, the Queen having damaged her own shoes when scaling the rocky heights which lead to the World's View in the Matoppo Hills of Southern Rhodesia. At the World's View are buried Rhodes and his friend, Sir Leander Starr Jameson, of Jameson Raid fame. It lies in a remote and romantic part of Rhodesia, in the region of Bulawayo

Forty Years On.—How would Sir Max ("forty years on") approach another essay on this theme? Possibly he might seek to estimate the why and wherefore of the extraordinary hold which our Royal Family maintains on the public, and the intense interest which their most trivial doings create in the lives of ordinary men. He might well find the answer in the desire of the moth for the star, the lamp, the light. The drabness of the lives of His Majesty's subjects to-day requires every chance of relief. The Court is about the only institution in this country where the intense labours of mere existence are kept in the background, where graceful living is still just possible, where good manners (of which the importance cannot be overrated and is almost everywhere else neglected) still flourish and adorn life. Here, before us and above us, is the one remaining institution of our land which *really works*. That is to say, it performs its functions to admiration by common consent. The Royal Family works very hard indeed. It does its work in an atmosphere of grace and gaiety, with infinite charm and an outward appearance of ease. It radiates good manners and tact, kindly interest and optimism. It wears beautiful clothes, it is invariably punctual and faithful to its commitments—naturally, since every function is carefully pre-arranged to the last detail and the agonising struggle for existence is kept in the background. The rest of the nation and most of the institutions of the country stutter and growl and groan, labouring under a plethora of difficulties, criticism, regulation, regimentation and real hardship. It seems to me that we who must queue for our necessities and plan far ahead for our rare recreations, enjoy this now unique spectacle of grace and apparent ease of living, are warmed by the rays of good manners and kindly sympathy, and, like moths, we cluster round the grateful light, with no envy in our hearts but sheer thankfulness for the relief afforded by the sight of one bright and golden spot in the general drabness. Few of us at any time have envied Royalties their labours. Those labours and the responsibilities of Monarchy constantly grow in weight and volume. The ease of living which is achieved for the Royal Family is a small enough payment for their public services. Without that ease, they could not perform them punctually or with grace and dignity.

There are thousands of girls of the ages of the Princesses, educated as they were, by traditions and upbringing the same as they (save for the accident of Royal birth). For most of these thousands, life and its now rare recreations are a constant struggle, a pretty grim game and a strenuous. But I doubt if one of them feels in her heart any tinge of envy for the ease with which one family in all this land can still command with certainty the "chief seats at the feast," can "go places," see the last new play and walk the primrose path to recreation.

As I have suggested, these advantages are a recompense (as trivial as necessary) for the labours demanded of Royalty.

Mr. Beerbohm in 1907 summed up in this wise: "Our Royal Family is rather an absurd institution, no doubt. But then humanity itself is rather absurd. A State can never be more than a kindergarten."

Sir Max in 1947 would certainly confirm the absurdity of humanity and probably "stet" the kindergarten nature of the State.

But I fancy he would delete the first sentence and perhaps substitute as absurdities Nos. 1 and 2 the Party system and the continuance of hereditary peerages. For the Crown has changed, as even the Garter has changed, and both to-day demand a good deal of *damned merit*.

In an age when few institutions and not a vast majority of workers really *work*, the Monarchy, as an institution and individually, works, and works hard, successfully, gracefully, punctually, continuously. It affords us about the only light and warmth and certainty on which we can depend.

We heard a deal about the bathing and sun-bathing and the *fun* in the *Vanguard* during our worst trials of blizzard and black-out at home. But I never heard a single voice raised in irritation over the contrast. On the contrary, we sympathised keenly when the *Vanguard* was rolling in Biscay Bay, and we rejoiced wholeheartedly that a few dozen of our chosen people should be spared the miseries into which we were plunged. That is the exact measure of the humble worship of the moths for their sole remaining lamplight.

Yet, as I read our economic future, the business of kingship is bound to grow ever more difficult. Three of the four sovereigns who have succeeded Victoria revealed a kingcraft and adaptability incredibly shrewd and up-to-date. Yet, up to the last decade or two, the Monarchy owed support to a buffer state of aristocracy which enhanced its dignity and preserved its mystery. Great houses still "competed" with the Court in grace of living and in the exchange of splendid hospitality. To-day there is no such competitor among the King's subjects.

The Court stands alone, and the contrast is perhaps too sheer, the loneliness too marked.

But I have no doubt that our Royal Family will prove equal to the new situation which advancing Democracy must create, and will never lose sight of realities in an environment in some sort both artificial and exclusive.

THE CIRCUS GOES TENTING

UNDER THE BIG TOP: Bertram Mills' Circus began its summer tour at Luton. When the conditions are favourable, the entire tenting circus can be built up in four to five hours and dismantled in two to three hours

BACK-STAGE IN THE OPEN AIR: Artistes waiting to "go on"

Bertram Mills' Circus drew capacity crowds during its season at Olympia last Christmas. But, in spite of the great ring and the comfortable seating there, the atmosphere of the open-air circus under the Big Top was inevitably missing. A few weeks ago the summer tenting season began at Luton. Each week some 18,000 square yards of canvas will be erected to house the Big Top, and the stable and accessory tents. Five miles of rope are employed in erecting the tents, and 1,300 stakes have to be hammered into the ground. All the familiar and traditional features of the circus are here—the clowns, the trapeze artistes, tight-rope walkers, acrobats, and animal acts. The famous Bertram Mills' Liberty horses—greys, blacks, chestnuts and bays—are perhaps the most popular feature, in the ring, where they move gracefully to the Ringmaster's command; and out of it in their neat stables, where each horse's name is painted over his stall

ON WITH THE MOTLEY: Two of the clowns—Percy Hunter and Coco—make up in the open air before the show starts. The weather was good for the beginning of the season

THE RINGMASTER DONS HIS TRADITIONAL COSTUME: Outside the wardrobe caravan, the wardrobe mistress gives a final polish to the Ringmaster's silk hat, while he puts on tail-coat and gloves for his triumphant entry into the arena

THE TOVARICH TROUPE AT HOME: Little Eva Tovarich has already begun to learn the tricks of the trade. Her father supports her in a steady hand-stand, while her mother puts a new coat of paint on the family caravan. The spring sunshine drew crowds to the circus and many went "behind" to watch the performers off-stage

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CIANO HAD AN EYE ON POSTERITY

But His Diary Gives Away His Innermost Feelings, Revealing Him as Vain, Unprincipled and Vicious

IN his Introduction to CIANO'S DIARY, 1939-1943 (Heinemann. 21s.), Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge asserts that it is the most interesting of all the documents to have come out of the last war, and the events which led up to it, and that, in the end, it will probably prove the most useful to historians. "I can imagine some future Gibbon, or even Lytton Strachey, coming upon it with a gasp of delight. This is because Ciano, like Boswell, was too vain to hide the true workings of his mind and the true character of his aspirations, and too foolish to be aware of how completely he was giving himself and those about whom he wrote away." The true comment may be found in the Book of Job.

That Ciano wrote this diary for publication there can be no doubt, and after he was betrayed by the Gestapo and cynically left to die by Mussolini, he took some trouble to see that the document was smuggled out with the connivance of the notorious Edda.

He stands revealed as vain, egotistical, unprincipled, vicious, cold, calculating, cruel and selfish. There can be no doubt that his diary was designed to play its part in whatever the personal consequences might have been to him if the Axis should lose the war.

He was an adept at that fine Italian manœuvre which we know as the stab-in-the-back, but, in practising it upon Mussolini, he reckoned without the Nazis, who knew a gangster trick or two themselves. So he was unable either to save his life, his fortune, or even to trick posterity into a false assumption of his character.

Perhaps the most interesting portrait in these pages is Mussolini himself, whom Ciano regarded with a mixture of awe, fear and occasional irreverence. Here is the revelation of the whole miserable structure of this tin-pot dictatorship and its effect upon British policy. It cannot be without shuddering that any Englishman can read that in January 1939 Lord Perth was instructed to submit for Mussolini's approval an outline of a speech which Mr. Neville Chamberlain was to make before the House of Commons "in order that we may suggest changes, if necessary." Mussolini's comment was, "I believe this is the first time that the head of a British Government has submitted to a foreign Government the outline of one of his speeches. It is a bad sign for them."

Strutting his stuff on a balcony in Rome, with the people shouting themselves hoarse and weeping in ecstasy in front of him, Mussolini could retire and deliver himself of this statement:

"The Italian race is a race of sheep. Eighteen years is not enough to change them. We must keep them disciplined and in uniform from morning until night. Beat them and beat them and beat them. To make a people great it is necessary to send them into battle even if you have to kick them in the pants. This is what I shall do."

It is indeed what he did, but in the end the Italian people hung him upside down on a meat hook in the public market-place of Milan.

We have lived too close to the events which are recorded in this book and in their catastrophic aftermath to be anything but fascinated and appalled by this record. If there are any potential dictators left in the world, it is all here for them to read, mark and learn. Truly it is a most valuable and historical document.

THE DARK WOOD (Collins. 8s. 6d.) has an ineffectual, an irritating and even an exasperating heroine, and is nevertheless a novel worth reading. Miss Christine Weston's manner of writing, and not her material, must be the reason for this.

The central problem concerns a returning soldier, who loves his wife, but finds her involved with a curiously anonymous Washington manipulator, and wanting a divorce. He, in turn, is loved by the shadowy fair girl, whose own husband has been killed, but who sees a likeness to him in the soldier. For this reason she follows the bewildered man about, waits for him in restaurants and on street corners, and finally persuades him that he loves her.

I think it may have been the concentrated selfishness of her behaviour which annoyed me. The other characters, from the friendly lawyer to the coloured, sardonic housekeeper, are beautifully drawn; and even memorable. They, and the author's clarity of style are completely admirable, and weigh down the balance on the credit side, but I still can find no sympathy for that bereaved lady.

Novelists and playwrights have written a good many things in their day, and in the last twenty years particularly, about adolescents of both sexes, in and out of schools. There have also been a few not-so-random shafts at the Sweet Girl Graduate. But Miss Josephine Tey, who is also the Gordon Daviot who wrote *Richard of Bordeaux*, has chosen to write of a really esoteric group of young people: the young lady pupils of what might be described as a gymnastic college.

To these energetic and necessarily supple young things comes a good-looking woman lecturer, who is also the author of a well-known and well-read book on psychology, that perennially popular subject. This Miss Pym finds the setting interesting, but the atmosphere tense. End-of-year examinations are looming, and nerves are as strained as muscles. There are some odd happenings, and eventually a murder, but of all of these, in her lucid way, MISS PYM DISPOSES (Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.).

It would be inexact to describe the three characters of M. Edmond Buchet's novel as the sides of the Eternal Triangle, for I have seldom read of three more impermanent persons. The author's device of allowing each of them to tell their story in alternating chapters is no help, either. CHILDREN OF WRATH (Collins. 7s. 6d.) is one of those "psychiatric" novels, which seems at first to give it a certain interest to the alert and well-informed reader, but it resolves into an unsatisfactory piece of work, and not even Miss Marjorie Gabain's translation saves it from this.

THE HORIZONTAL MAN (Hamish Hamilton. 8s.) is an original thriller, and a first novel; both matters for congratulation. Miss Helen Eustis has scored in both respects, and hers is a name to be chalked up for future reference by all true-hearted crime-story fans, whatever they think of Mr. Auden's lines:

> "Let us honour if we can
> The vertical man,
> Though we value none
> But the horizontal one."

Here is real ingenuity, and only the very faintest trace of unfairness about the solution, which I don't propose to indicate. Read it, decipher it and enjoy it for yourselves.

FRENCH TAPESTRY THROUGH THE AGES

A New History Coincides with the Victoria and Albert Museum's Exhibition

The French Tapestry Exhibition is creating well-merited attention at the Victoria and Albert Museum, for it is indeed the most important display of its kind held in London in recent years. Appropriately enough, André Lejard's FRENCH TAPESTRY (Paul Elek. 35s.) has just been published to coincide with the Exhibition. This is a superbly illustrated book, with many plates in colour, and the reader is able to trace the development of tapestry technique from the delicate products of the Loire and the Mille Fleurs tradition to the grandiose conceptions of the Gobelins factory in the age of Louis XIV and, finally, the tapestries which represent the revival of weaving in France to-day. The chapter on production methods, with attendant illustrations, is particularly valuable. This is a companion volume to *The Art of the French Book* (noted in this column last week), and it is regrettable that both these fine productions are so unsatisfactorily bound.

Seemingly the result of a few exuberant hours of joyous dictation, IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY (Home and Van Thal. 7s. 6d.) is definitely not a guide-book, but when you have read Mr. G. Ivan Morris's racy account of Eire's capital, it is safe to hazard you will know more about the atmosphere, the history, and the traditions of the place than many a week-ender who crosses the Irish Sea to the North Wall with the main object of appeasing the pangs of hunger. Mr. Morris, a Dublin publisher by profession, is a thoroughly congenial, happy-go-lucky guide, finding it difficult to be serious for more than a page or two at a time. Many who know Dublin, however, will agree with the author's shrewd summing-up: "The city is old, but the inhabitants are young in spirit and outlook, rather like children living in a stately house, filling its rooms with gaiety and the vigour of youth."

Comyns Beaumont has written THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE VIRGIN QUEEN. It is published at 16s. by Comyns (Publishers) Ltd. With this title and such chapter headings as "Early Indiscretions of a Princess," "A Trap for a Red-Tailed Bumble Bee," and "The Forged Death Warrant," the line of thought permeating this narrative is plain to see. Historians will feel, possibly, that the author is too assertive regarding controversial facts, notably the liaison with the Protector Somerset, and, in parading sordid possibilities of her private life to the exclusion of known facts about her public career, he gives a markedly biassed picture of the Queen who keyed the realm to the intensity of her own spirit, inspired a deep personal devotion, and was, in fact, an example of a supremely successful monarch.

William Hazlitt, in the first rank of English literary critics, lived a life at once sordid and stormy. Politically he was a democrat, sharing in the political hopes that were the legacy of the last decade of the eighteenth century to the dawning nineteenth century. The failure of those hopes not unnaturally engendered bitterness, and he is, in consequence, a difficult man to sum up. P. P. Howe's THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT, which appeared in 1922, is still by far the best existing biography, and it now appears in a new edition (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.). The publishers are to be congratulated on their enterprise, for there is no doubt that one day this may come to be regarded as a classic. Howe, a truly modest scholar, lived in spirit with Hazlitt, and his whole aim was to bring the reader to a true understanding of a brilliant and complex character.

GOING TO THE CINEMA, by Andrew Buchanan (Phœnix House. 7s. 6d.), belongs to the "Excursions" Series for Young People. The author, who is a film producer, invites the reader to see what goes on in the studios, showing how the producer, the director, the cameraman, the scenarist, and the actors and actresses work together to achieve the finished picture. First-rate illustrations add point to the text.

BUTTERFLY LIVES, by S. Beaufoy (Collins. 12s. 6d.), has a truly outstanding series of photographs showing the life-histories of several British butterflies. In addition to its virtues for the natural historian, the book is a magnificent example of binding, letterpress printing and half-tone reproduction.

THE GENIUS OF THE FRENCH TAPESTRY-MAKERS: *Top left*—"The Lady with the Unicorn" (*circa* 1495). *Top right*—Detail from an Aubusson tapestry of the seventeenth century. *Below*—The Nut-seller tapestry from the Bishop's Palace, Aix, also seventeenth century. All three illustrations come from André Lejard's new book, "French Tapestry," which is reviewed on this page

May

The British Industries Fair opens in London and Birmingham early in May, resuming the practice of pre-war years. This great display reflects the skill and resourcefulness of the people of this country and it brings buyers from all quarters of the world. Many exhibitors enjoying an international reputation can recall their first steps as small undertakings, and not a few the aid and support received from the Midland Bank. Over a century ago this Bank began as a local undertaking in Birmingham, side by side with other examples of early enterprise. To-day the Bank is as ready to meet the needs of those whose requirements are modest as it is of those of the great industrialists, and from stands at the exhibition offers its services to all having need of them. At any of its 1900 branches no account is regarded as too small, nor is any transaction too large.

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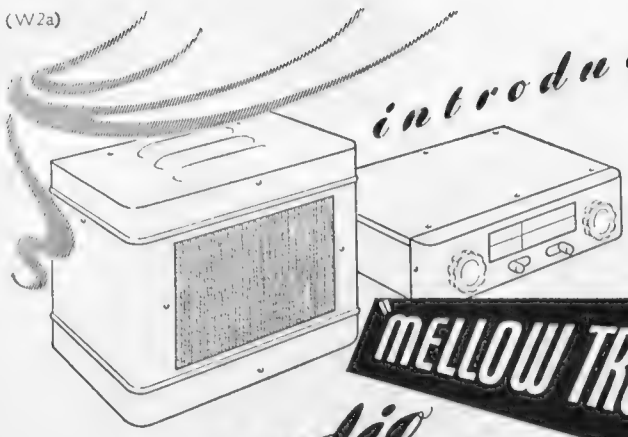

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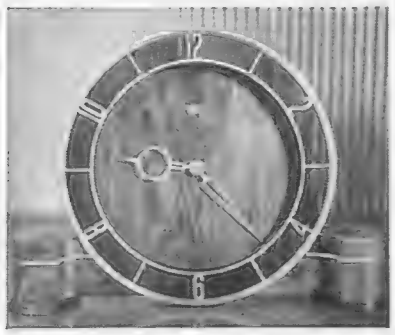

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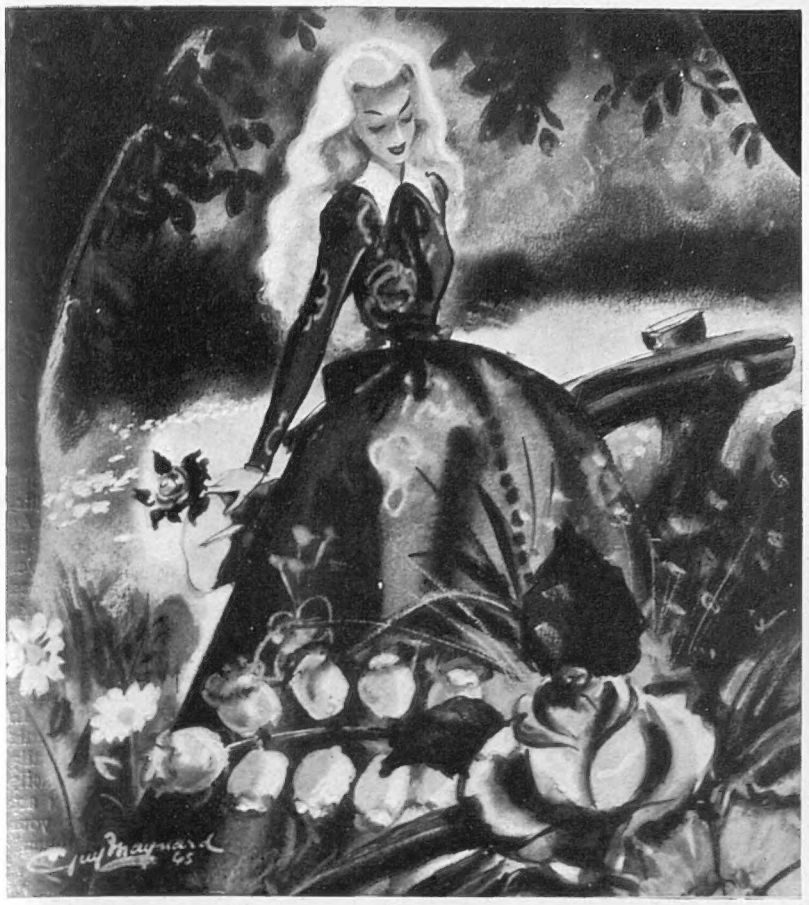

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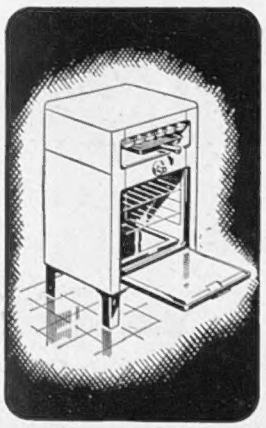

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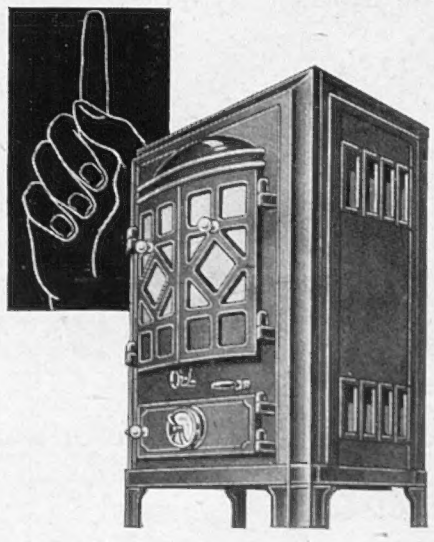

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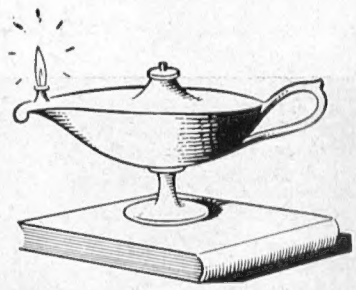

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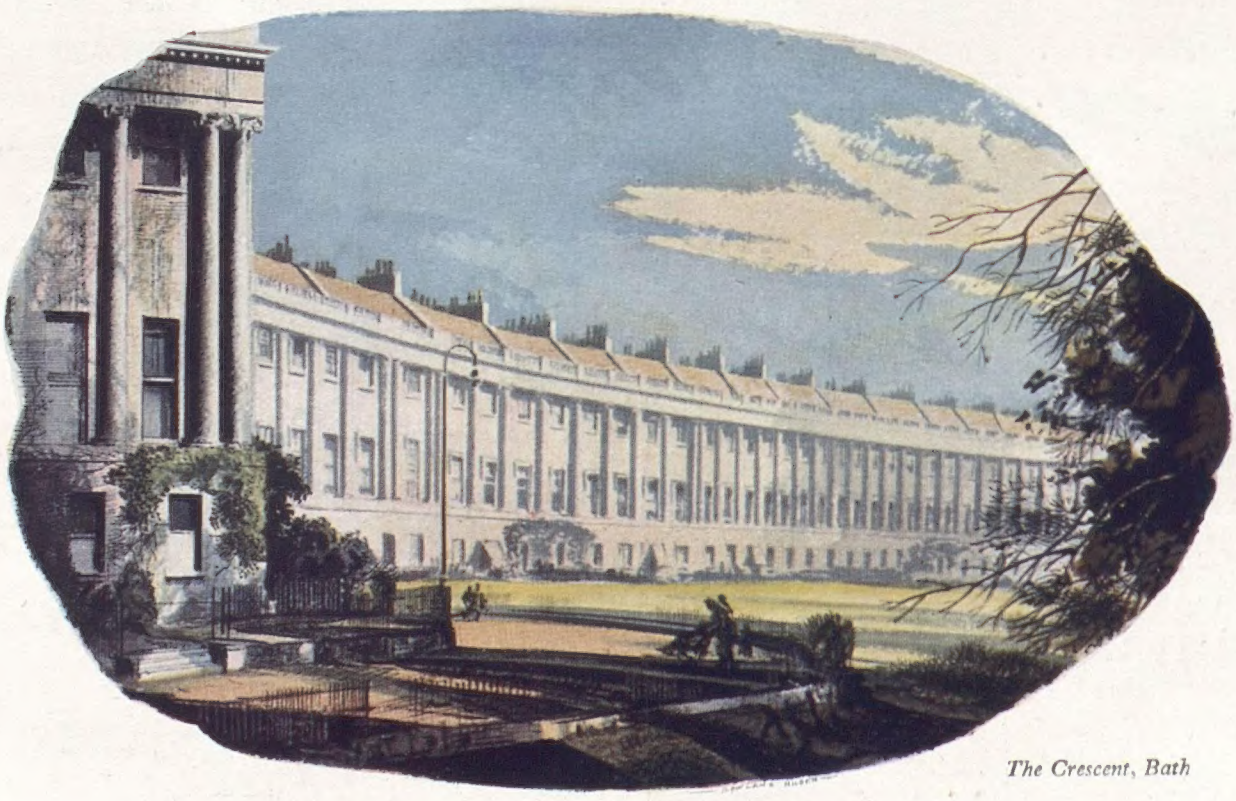

The Crescent, Bath

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